

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.]—For OCTOBER, 1790.—[Vol. II.

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Ornamented with a beautiful COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING—a REPRESENTATION of the KEY of the BASTILE, and a Piece of MUSICK.

PRINTED AT BOSTON,
BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.

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Sold at their Bookstore, by said THOMAS at his Bookstore in WORCESTER, and by the several Gentlemen who receive Subscriptions for this Work.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

Letter from the late General Varnum to his Lady, merits every attention next month.

Euphrosyne, or the Reformed Fair, are happy to acknowledge.

The Hermitefs, claims a place very soon.

The Penitent Rake, is a genuine *Impure*.

Polydore, appears to most advantage as a Poet. His *Marianne*, or *Hapless Lover*, is not without faults. The *Musick* he was so polite as to send us will have a place.

Anti Textuarius, writes with too little candour.

A Friend to Navigation, is a sensible writer, but the *Albany Ship* we have never failed in.

Friendship and Ingratitude—the writer has our thanks.

Female Correspondence, does credit to the writers.

The Catholic, breathes a very intolerant spirit.

The Shaker, No. I.—indeed we tremble for thee.

To the LOVERS of POESY.

Belinda's Last Day of October—has a delicate prettiness.

Marcia, is welcomed to a seat amid the Nine.

Ægon's Translation—acceptable. The last volume presented the reader with one of the same kind.

Mercator—has refined upon *synopses*.

Amanda—we cannot love you.

Trial of Constancy—favour us with another.

Stanzas to the Ladies—indelicate.

Indecent words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

The Banks of the Cognogocbeque—the destined residence of Empire ought to be sacred.

ERRATA.—In the *Masonick Address*, pages 613 and 614, of this Magazine, for 1775 read 5775—for 1776 read 5776—for 1769 read 5769—for 1788 read 5788—and in the Notes, for *Rev.* read *Right Worshipful*.

Current Prices of PUBLIC SECURITIES, Oct. 31, 1790.

	s.	d.
Final Settlements,	12	3
Consolidated State Notes,	8	4
Loan Office Certificates,	12	3
Interest Indents,	7	3
Impost and Excise Orders,	19	4
Army Certificates,	11	4
Specie Orders, Tax No. 5.	15	0
No. 1, 2, and 3 Orders,	7	0
Funded Six per Cent. Stock,	14	0
Do. Three do. do.	7	3
Do. Deferred Stock,	6	0
New Emission Money,	7	0
New Hampshire State Notes,	3	6
Do. Certificates,	7	4



I am an Orphan Sir

212571



T H E

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

For O C T O B E R, 1790.

The NEW PYGMALION.

[Illustrated by the beautiful accompanying Copperplate, which represents a young girl of twelve years of age, picking up cinders. A young man of fashion, happening to pass that way, is struck with the symmetry of her features, and enquires after her parents. She answers, "I am an Orphan, Sir."]

A YOUNG gentleman of rank and fortune, in one of his morning walks through Paris, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful little creature that was earning her daily pittance by traversing the streets for cinders ! Notwithstanding she was in tatters, and disfigured with dust, her eyes were brilliant and expressive. The youth was captivated with so uncommon an object, and his humanity pleaded powerfully in her favour. What, said he to himself, should hinder me of being serviceable to this unhappy object ! Perhaps her person might make her fortune ; I should then make two happy. After this short soliloquy he enquired where her parents lived ? She replied, I am an orphan, Sir ; a neighbour took me into her house, and I endeavour to get a bit of bread that I may not be sent to the work-house.

But you would be much better there than as you are now.

O Sir, one of my companions, who is there, says, she would rather starve than be obliged to live in such a place.

Well, my child, if you like it, I will

take care of you in future ; I will provide you a mistress, who shall clothe and instruct you in some business more creditable ; and all I require of you is, to profit by the expense I shall be at on your account.

The little creature, delighted with the offer, begs to shew him her house. He accompanies her to a fruiterer's, where he learnt her docility and application. This poor, but industrious woman, had taken care to have her taught reading and writing ; and here he found that this orphan was the daughter of an exciseman, who died in extreme indigence, and that her name was Louisa Passémentier.

Our new Pygmalion, pleased with this information, intimated his views respecting Louisa, agreed to allow her a certain annual sum for the time she had taken this orphan into her house, and ordered her to be decently clothed.

The man who has found a valuable diamond incrust with dirt, could not be more overjoyed than the protector of Louisa, when he saw her clean, and under the hands of the mantua maker. Nothing can make a greater

greater impression upon the heart of a young girl, than in taking care of her dress; Louisa shewed her gratitude by her looks, her gestures, and the pleasure she felt in seeing the person who had made her so happy. Mr. De M—— was delighted. He signified his pleasure of breakfasting with Louisa and the two women: he then conducted her to a reputable milliner's, where she found a new mistress, that was the model of taste, regularity, and good breeding.

Madam, said Mr. De M——, I here bring you a young apprentice. Be not surprised that she is unaccompanied by a woman; she is an orphan, and I, who am her guardian, am still a bachelor. In placing her under your care and instruction, I give you all the authority of a parent. I resign to you all mine, only reserving that of paying you liberally for your expense and trouble. I wish her to be treated upon the same footing as your own children. I have not a doubt but you will find her worthy your attentions, and that she will love your daughters as if they were her sisters. In taking his leave he observed to this lady, that he should never desire to see her alone, or to take her out, unless accompanied by her or her daughters. This arrangement meeting the entire approbation of her mistress, Louisa was immediately taken into her family and highly caressed.

Mr. De M—— had declined taking with him the fruiterer and mantua maker, in order that it might not be known the state of misery in which he had found this unfortunate orphan. He was some time without seeing his adopted ward, and upon his paying the second quarter for her board, he was surprised with her progress. She had already acquired an air, which rendered her pretty face still more interesting; and her modesty in seeing her benefactor, gave her additional charms.

Mr. De M—— could not help exclaiming to himself, happy Pygmalion! The gods animated thy statue; render them divine honours, and respect their present! He then seated himself opposite to Louisa, and conversed with her in the respectful lan-

guage of a guardian to his ward, in order to inspire her with an elevation of sentiment. In a private conversation, her mistress said she was a treasure of beauty, sense, and sensibility. Louisa, sir, is all sweetness and condescension. She seems thoroughly sensible that she owes her present happiness to your attentions. Her address is uncommon and gracious; and her docility and comprehension surprising for her age. Mr. De M—— left the house in a kind of rapture. Happy Pygmalion! What a beautiful statue has the bounty of the gods animated by thy care and assiduity!

The following evening he was something earlier in his visit; and brought with him a pretty present, consisting of a pair of ear rings, a necklace, a pair of bracelets, with a pair of handsome shoe buckles, inclosed in an etui made of gold.

I wish, Miss Louisa, to give you an instance of my friendship, by presenting you with these trifles; and by so doing I hope to gain a place in yours.

You have no necessity, sir, to have recourse to such expedients, since the favours I have already received, will never be effaced from my memory.

You are, I believe, as good as you are lovely. I often speak of you to Miss Henrietta Monclar, (her mistress's eldest daughter) she says you are my guardian angel; and were I to tell her all——

No, Louisa; that secret must remain where it is. You must forget it as fast as you can.

Forget it, sir! That's impossible. If I dared to tell you what I think——

Why not, my dear Louisa?

It is, sir, that for some months past, on reflecting on the state from which you have taken me, I tremble with horror; particularly so, when I compare it with my present situation.

These reflections are singular for one of your age, Louisa.

I had a mother, sir, that was as kind as she was affectionate, and was very capable of bringing me up; and I still remember those things she taught me.

My dear little maid, open your etui, and see what I have given you. She opens and examines every thing.

Ah,

Ah, sir! This is too fine for a poor orphan.

If these articles are too fine for an orphan, they are not so for my daughter—yes, Louisa, it is the name my heart avows; and since I have taken the title of father, I shall most sedulously discharge all its duties. Be therefore free from any inquietudes; your happiness will be a duty and a pleasure to me.

Mr. De M—, admiring the work he had undertaken, could not refrain from articulating—Heavens! how beautiful is that creature grown! If

I had ever seen so lovely an object among the circle of my acquaintance, could I refrain from adoring her?

The next day an unexpected affair prevented him from seeing Louisa. He was obliged to set out immediately for one of his estates in the country, where his presence was absolutely necessary. Here he was detained for six months; and during this interval, he received no less than two letters from his ward, inclosed in those of her mistresses.

(To be continued.)

SCENES from the CONTRAST.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The two following Scenes are taken from the American Comedy, entitled the CONTRAST. One of them is purely sentimental; the other replete with action. Both, I trust, will be highly acceptable.

SCENE. DIMPLE and MANLY.

Dimple. YOU are Colonel Manly, I presume?

Manly. At your service, Sir.

Dimple. My name is Dimple, Sir. I have the honour to be a lodger in the same house with you, and hearing you were in the Mall, came hither to take the liberty of joining you.

Manly. You are very obliging, Sir.

Dimple. As I understand you are a stranger here, Sir, I have taken the liberty to introduce myself to your acquaintance, as possibly I may have it in my power to point out some things in this city worthy your notice.

Manly. An attention to strangers is worthy a liberal mind, and must ever be gratefully received. But to a soldier, who has no fixed abode, such attentions are particularly pleasing.

Dimple. Sir, there is no character so respectable as that of a soldier. And, indeed, when we reflect how much we owe to those brave men who have suffered so much in the service of their country, and secured to us those inestimable blessings that we now enjoy, our liberty and independence, they demand every attention which gratitude can pay. For my own part, I never meet an officer, but I embrace him as

my friend, nor a private in distress, but I insensibly extend my charity to him.—[Aside.] I have hit the Bumkin off very tolerably.

Manly. Give me your hand, Sir! I do not proffer this hand to every body; but you steal into my heart. I hope I am as insensible to flattery as most men; but I declare, (it may be my weak side) that I never hear the name of soldier mentioned with respect, but I experience a thrill of pleasure, which I never feel on any other occasion.

Dimple. Will you give me leave, my dear colonel, to confer an obligation on myself, by shewing you some civilities during your stay here, and giving a similar opportunity to some of my friends?

Manly. Sir, I thank you; but I believe my stay in this city will be very short.

Dimple. I can introduce you to some men of excellent sense, in whose company you will esteem yourself happy; and, by way of amusement, to some fine girls, who will listen to your soft things with pleasure.

Manly. Sir, I should be proud of the honour of being acquainted with those gentlemen;—but, as for the ladies, I don't understand you.

Dimple.

Dimple. Why, Sir, I need not tell you, that when a young gentleman is alone with a young lady, he must say some soft things to her fair cheek—indeed the lady will expect it. To be sure, there is not much pleasure, when a man of the world and a finished coquet meet, who perfectly know each other: But how delicious is it to excite the emotions of joy, hope, expectation, and delight, in the bosom of a lovely girl, who believes every tittle of what you say to be serious.

Manly. Serious, Sir! in my opinion, the man, who, under pretensions of marriage, can plant thorns in the bosom of an innocent, unsuspecting girl, is more detestable than a common robber, in the same proportion as private violence is more despicable than open force, and money of less value than happiness.

Dimple. How he awes me by the superiority of his sentiment. [*Aside*] As you say, Sir, a gentleman should be cautious how he mentions marriage.

Manly. Cautious, Sir! No person more approves of an intercourse between the sexes than I do. Female conversation softens our manners, whilst our discourse, from the superiority of our literary advantages, improves their minds. But, in our young country, where there is no such thing as gallantry, when a gentleman speaks of love to a lady, whether he mentions marriage or not, she ought to conclude, either that he means to insult her, or, that his intentions are the most serious and honourable. How mean, how cruel is it, by a thousand tender assiduities, to win the affections of an amiable girl, and, though you leave her virtue unspotted, to betray her into the appearance of so many tender partialities, that every man of delicacy would suppress his inclination towards her, by supposing her heart engaged! Can any man, for the trivial gratification of his leisure hours, affect the happiness of a whole life! His not having spoken of marriage, may add to his perfidy, but can be no excuse for his conduct.

Dimple. Sir, I admire your sentiments;—they are mine. The light observations that fell from me, were only a principle of the tongue; they came not from the heart—my practice has ever disapproved these principles.

Manly. I believe you, Sir. I should with reluctance suppose that those pernicious sentiments could find admittance into the heart of a gentleman.

SCENE. JESSAMY and JONATHAN.

Jessamy. Well, Mr. Jonathan, what success with the fair?

Jonathan. Why, such a tarnal cross tike you never saw!—You would have counted she had lived upon crab apples and vinegar for a fortnight. But what the rattle makes you look so tarnation glum.

Jessamy. I was thinking, Mr. Jonathan, what could be the reason of her carrying herself so coolly to you.

Jonathan. Coolly do you call it? Why, I vow, she was fire hot angry: May be, it was because I bufs'd her.

Jessamy. No, no, Mr. Jonathan; there must be some other cause: I never yet knew a lady angry at being killed.

Jonathan. Well, if it is not the young woman's bashfulness, I vow I can't conceive why she shou'd'nt like me.

Jessamy. May be, it is because you have not the Graces, Mr. Jonathan.

Jonathan. Grace! why, does the young woman expect I must be converted before I court her?

Jessamy. I mean the graces of person: For instance, my lord tells us, that we must cut off our nails even at top, in small segments of circles;—though you won't understand that—In the next place, you must regulate your laugh.

Jonathan. Maple log seize it! don't I laugh natural?

Jessamy. That's the very fault, Mr. Jonathan. Besides, you absolutely misplace it. I was told by a friend of mine, that you laughed outright at the play the other night, when you ought only to have tittered.

Jonathan. Gor I!—what does one
go

go to see fun for if they can't laugh?

Jessamy. You may laugh;—but you must laugh by rule.

Jonathan. Swamp it—laugh by rule! Well, I should like that tar-nally.

Jessamy. Why you know, Mr. Jonathan, that to dance, a lady to play with her fan, or a gentleman with his cane, and all other natural motions, are regulated by art. My master has composed an immensely pretty gamut, by which any lady or gentleman, with a few years close application, may learn to laugh as gracefully as if they were born and bred to it.

Jonathan. Mercy on my soul! A gamut for laughing—just like fa, la, sol?

Jessamy. It comprises every possible display of jocularity, from an *affettuoso* smile to a *piano* titter, or full chorus *fortissimo* ha, ha, ha! My master employs his leisure hours in marking out the plays, like a cathedral chanting book, that the ignorant may know where to laugh; and that pit, box, and gallery may keep time together, and not have a snigger in one part of the house, a broad grin in the other, and a d—d grum look in the third. How delightful to see the audience all smile together, then look on their books, then twist their mouths into an agreeable simper, then altogether shake the house with a general ha, ha, ha! loud as a full chorus of Handel's at an Abbey commemoration.

Jonathan. Ha, ha, ha! that's dang'd cute, I swear.

Jessamy. The gentlemen, you see, will laugh the tenor; the ladies will play the counter-tenor; the beaux will squeak the treble; and our jolly friends in the gallery a thorough base, ho, ho, ho!

Jonathan. Well, can't you let me see that gamut?

Jessamy. Oh! yes, Mr. Jonathan; here it is. [*Takes out a book.*] Oh! no, this is only a titter with its variations. Ah, here it is. [*Takes out another.*] Now you must know, Mr. Jonathan, this is a piece written by Ben Johnson, which I have set to my master's gam-

ut. The places where you must smile, look grave, or laugh out right, are marked below the line. Now look over me. "There was a certain man"—now you must smile.

Jonathan. Well, read it again; I warrant I'll mind my eye.

Jessamy. "There was a certain man, who had a sad scolding wife,"—now you must laugh.

Jonathan. Tarnation! that's no laughing matter though.

Jessamy. "And she lay sick a dying;"—now you must titter.

Jonathan. What, snigger when the good woman's a dying! Gor I—

Jessamy. Yes; the notes say you must—"And she asked her husband leave to make a will,"—now you must begin to look grave;—"and her husband said"—

Jonathan. Ay, what did her husband say?—Something dang'd cute, I reckon.

Jessamy. "And her husband said, you have had your will all your life time, and would you have it after you are dead too?"

Jonathan. Ho, ho, ho! There the old man was even with her; he was up to the notch—ha, ha, ha!

Jessamy. But, Mr. Jonathan, you must not laugh so. Why you ought to have tittered *piano*, and you have laughed *fortissimo*. Look here; you see these marks, A. B. C. and so on; these are the references to the other part of the book. Let us turn to it, and you will see the directions how to manage the muscles. This [*turns over*] was note D. you blundered at.—"You must purse the mouth into a smile, then titter, discovering the lower part of the three front upper teeth."

Jonathan. How! read it again.

Jessamy. "There was a certain man"—very well!—"who had a sad scolding wife,"—why don't you laugh?

Jonathan. Now, that scolding wife sticks in my gizzard so pluckily, that I can't laugh for the b—d and n—ns of me. Let me look grave here, and I'll laugh your belly full, where the old creature's a dying.——

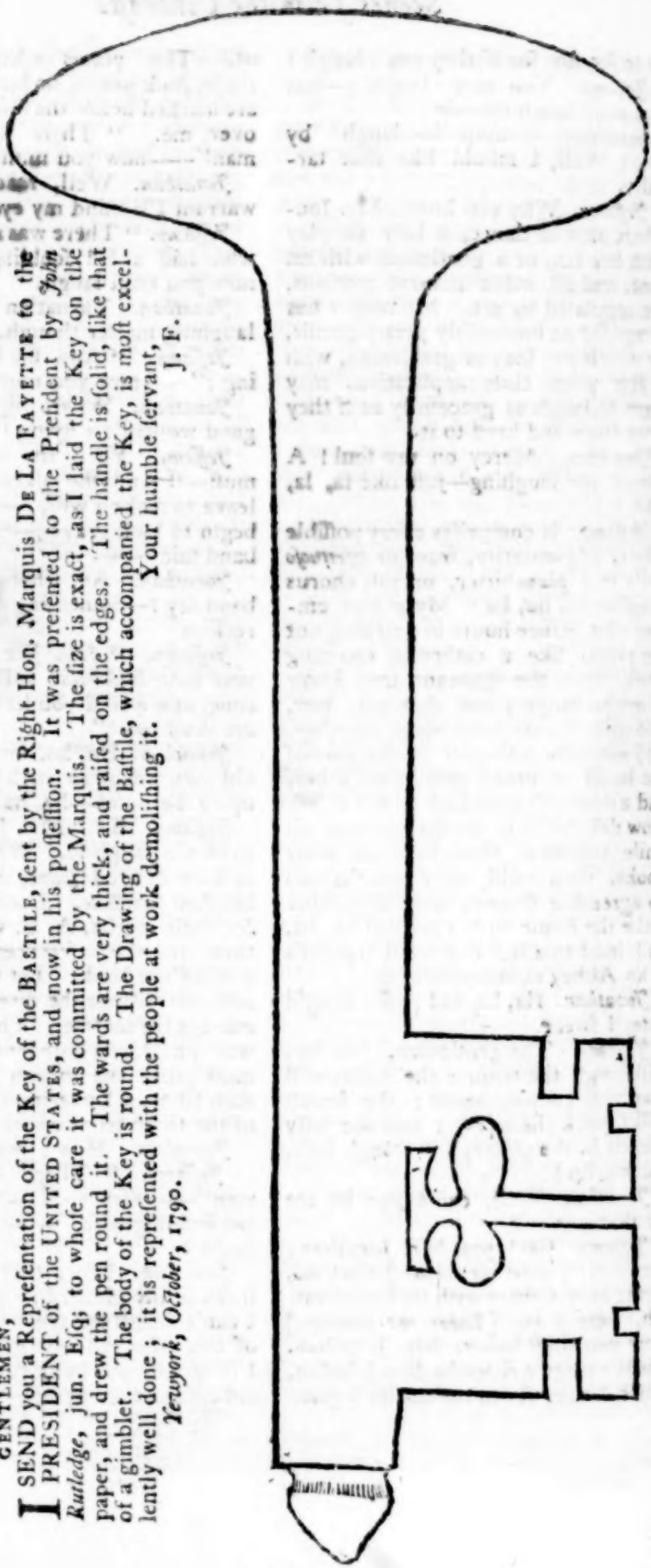
EXACT REPRESENTATION of the KEY of the BASTILE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND you a Representation of the Key of the BASTILE, sent by the Right Hon. Marquis DE LA FAYETTE to the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, and now in his possession. It was presented to the President by *John Rutledge*, jun. Esq; to whose care it was committed by the Marquis. The size is exact, as I laid the Key on the paper, and drew the pen round it. The wards are very thick, and raised on the edges. The handle is solid, like that of a gimblet. The body of the Key is round. The Drawing of the Bastile, which accompanied the Key, is most excellently well done; it is represented with the people at work demolishing it.

Newyork, October, 1790.
Your humble servant,
J. F.



ALMERINE and SHELIMAH.—A FAIRY-TALE.

(Concluded from page 541.)

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed; but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant, who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted that she had lately fallen asleep, and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which notwithstanding she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long continued tumult of her mind had

produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet. Her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, tho the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other, and in less than an hour she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the prefaces of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have

another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage, for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept, which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by *vice* beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without *virtue*, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened, that about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wandered alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions, but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six

leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this situation she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and finding her confusion

fusion increase, would have retired in silence, but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or to relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne—"Let the King," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she depart-

ed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

"Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of piety to the will of heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to nature the effects of his own folly."

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REFORMER. No. XIII.

On the ORIGIN and ABOLISHMENT of DRINKING HEALTHS.

THE manners of foreign nations ought to be carefully examined, before they are adopted as our own. Many circumstances have conspired to render certain customs permissible, at least in some kingdoms, which having no existence in others, preclude a rational excuse for their observance elsewhere. The rule, I humbly conceive, of suspending the effect, when the cause ceases, will excellently apply to the present absurd mode of drinking healths. This troublesome and inde-

cent practice had its origin in Great-britain, during the times of the Danish invasion, when it was customary for the latter to stab the Britons, whilst taking a harmless draught. To prevent this species of table assassination, the English entered into combination, as mutual pledges for each others lives—and the literal language of a health was as follows, "Sir, I suspect the gentleman next me, has an intention of cutting my throat; I wish your health, and hope you will take care

care of mine." To which the person drank to, replied, "Sir, I am obliged to you for this mark of confidence, and am sponfor for your life." What a pretty and polite compliment! when traced to its origin, which is an indisputable and historical fact.

The arrival of his Danish majesty, with a numerous train of attendants, at the British court, about the year 1768, entirely removed the cause of ancient suspicion, and serious efforts were made to abolish the practice, as reflective upon a monarch of the greatest urbanity and politeness. But, as my worthy countrymen have no connections with either of these courts, their former quarrels, or present am-

ity, I flatter myself they will totally abrogate a custom, which in fact they ought never to have had any concern with, from the first landing of our independent forefathers, to this glorious hour of imperial dignity. True politeness consists in being at ease yourself, and rendering the company perfectly so. This, according to my notions, is absolutely impracticable, where the misnomer of a name, or the omission of a title, frequently reduces to awkward and embarrassing situations: Besides, a trivial inattention of this kind, is construed into a deliberate affront; and the purposes of convivial meetings entirely frustrated.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ESSAY ON SUPERSTITION IN NATURAL THINGS.

"Lorsqu' un mortel atrabilaire,
Nourri de superstition,
A par cette affreuse chimère
Corrompu sa religion,
Son ame alors est endurcie,
Sa raison s'enfuit obscurcie."—HENRIADE.

THERE are two kinds of superstition; one is more immediately opposite to religion, the other to reason. The first we condemn as a crime, the last we ridicule as a folly.

Superstition in natural things is that unreasonable opinion which attributes a wonderful virtue or power to causes which does not belong to them. This ridiculous error, once imbibed, leads its unhappy victim through numberless inquietudes. He is frightened at every dream, and regards almost every accident he meets with as ominous. The howling of a dog, or the screeching of an owl, are supposed presages of misfortune. Terror is the throbbing pulse in his bosom. The frightful visions of fancy hover in the gloom that envelops his mind; he seeks not so much what is probable, as what is wonderful in nature; and finds an easy ascent from the lowest to the highest degree of folly.

"Such is the irresistible force of superstition, which eradicates from the breast every benevolent principle of humanity, and, like a sorceress, having enchanted the opticks of reason, converts cruelty and every monstrous phantom of a distempered brain, into the inviting forms* of the most sacred duty." In this state of intoxicated imagination, the grave is robbed of its peaceful slumberer, and the pile is lighted even with the bones of the child of affection. And this is done because superstition had suggested that there might be some hidden charm in the mouldering body of one who had died of a consumption, which could be imparted by sympathy as a cure for the same disease in another.† A cause and its effects are joined together, the connection between which no penetration can discover. Reason and experience are necessary to prove the expediency of any measure—neither are consulted.

* "Both sacred and prophane histories abound with numberless instances; such were the human sacrifices to Moloch, the vow of Idomeneus, the intended sacrifice of Iphigenia, and many others."—Cooper's Life of Socrates.

† One instance of this kind you mentioned in August magazine, page 498. Another has lately happened in a neighbouring county—a father dug up the body of a child, buried but a few weeks before, and brought it into the room where a son was sick of the same disorder. The stench, however, was so great as to oblige him again to bury the body.

consulted. The spirit of gentleness and love, the instinctive voice of parental tenderness and affection, must also be disregarded. Happily we need not fear that the practice will be imitated; its folly, and its repugnancy to the best feelings of the human breast, must defeat its iniquity, by denying its

use. The improvements also that are daily making in the knowledge of human nature, and in the science of medicine, will wrest the sceptre of reason from the hands of superstition. "*Omnium rerum natura cognita, levamur superstitione.*"*

* Cicero de nat. deor. l. 3.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The COLLECTION. No. XXII.

CCXIX.

PRIDE is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his life, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused; why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

CCXX.

THERE is an inconsistency in anger, very common in life; which is, that those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them, what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

CCXXI.

WHATEVER advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment will be missed and regretted.

CCXXII.

IT often happens that applause abates diligence. Whoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention

and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

CCXXIII.

IN the conditions of men, it frequently happens, that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is often covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

CCXXIV.

HE that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master. He that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement, will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.

CCXXV.

WE frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered: he may therefore be justly numbered amongst the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught, by frequent recollection, to recur habitually to the mind.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

IN the 1st Epistle of John, 3d chap. and 8th verse, are these words—"*For this purpose the son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the*

works of the Devil." From the history of the Devil, as recorded in the Bible, we learn that sin, in general, is "the work of the Devil." This appears

pears from the 5th verse, wherein the apostle says—"And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins;" or in other words, "to destroy the works of the Devil." And in the fore part of this 8th verse, St. John says, "He who committeth sin is of the Devil; for the Devil sinneth from the beginning." He was the *first* sinner, and tempted man to sin. And all who allowedly, habitually, and deliberately commit iniquity, are of the Devil; as our Saviour told the Jews, "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." And as sin, in general, for all sins, in particular, of all sorts and kinds, all evil and sinful works whatsoever, are properly "the works of the Devil." And by "the works of the Devil," we may also understand all the penal consequences of sin, as death, for instance, and hell and future punishment. For these all take place, in consequence of his tempting mankind to sin: and they may, therefore, very fitly be stiled, "the works of the Devil." Hence the Devil is said to "have the power of death." And he is stiled "the God of this world, the prince

of the power of the air, the spirit who now rules, (or works) in the children of disobedience." If the above be a just construction of this text, we may infer, "that sin is not the work of God." The text says, "it is the work of the Devil," and that God was at the amazing expense of sending his son into the world, on purpose to destroy it." If God is the author of sin, in any proper sense at all, then he sent his son to destroy his own work. And how much beneath the dignity and wisdom of Almighty God does this appear to be, for him first to make sin, and then send his son to undo it, and to destroy what he had made? Again, if sin is not "the work of the Devil," but the work of God, then "Christ did not appear to put away sin, by the sacrifice of himself." Again, if sin is the work of God, what then, it may well be asked, is "the work of the Devil," which the son of God was manifested to destroy? Let us be careful not to blaspheme and dishonour God, by ascribing the works of men, or devils, to his agency.

TEXTUARIUS.

NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 549.)

CONCISE DESCRIPTION of various ANIMALS, arranged by NATURALISTS under the Orders VERMES and MOLLUSCA.

WE now take a step rather remote from animals of a more active nature, when we enter upon a view of the *Ascidia*; an animal whose functions are so extraordinary, as to appear only a few degrees removed from marine plants, constantly affixed to some body: its motion is imperceptibly slow, scarce making one inch in some hours, therefore never recedes far from its native spot: its life is taken up in continually receiving in its body the sea water, and squirting it out again. The internal structure of the animal's mouth is furnished with a number of minute papillæ, by which means it preserves from escape, in the act of ejecting the water, those animalcula which constitute its nourishment.

The *Actinia* affixes itself, by a kind of peduncle, to rocks, oysters, &c. and

displays its florescent head in such manner, as more to resemble a flower than an animal. The radii which adorn the head are so many tentacula, by which the animal assumes and conveys its prey to its mouth, which is the center of the flower as it were. At times they assume such various forms, as to be mistaken for animals of a different genus.

The *Tethys* makes its abode in the depths of the ocean, affixing itself to the argillaceous bottom, or to rocks; lives upon sea weeds, is preyed upon by Lobsters, &c. Little is known of this animal, on account of its deep recess, and very few have been taken.

The *Holothuria*, beset with innumerable tentacula all over its belly, adheres by them to the bottom of the sea, at the same time agitating in search of food the branchy tentacula which adorn

adorn its head ; and occasionally assumes many ludicrous and grotesque forms, which has caused naturalists to impose on them names not in the least analogous to their nature.

The *Terebella*, furnished as it were with an augre, pierces the rocks, and, consigned by nature to its dark dwelling, rests in security, till the hungry crab, with its cheliferous claw, drags him from his lurking place, and devours him.

The *Triton*, inserting its body in the holes of the rocks which lie concealed under water, throws out its head and cheliferous tentacula, whereby it seizes the unwary prey which happens to crawl or swim within reach. But he has likewise many enemies to encounter ; the Crab, *Asterias*, Cuttle, &c.

The *Lernæa* affixes itself behind the gills of various fishes, and, like the Leech, draws forth its nourishment by suction.

The *Scyllæa*, affixed by its back to the fucus floating in the ocean, underneath spreads out his foliate tentacula, and assumes such food as chance may throw in its way during the course of the voyage ; but the Shark, Porpoise, and other fish riot in its destruction.

The *Clio*, from its structure, seems more calculated as a prey, than to prey upon others. Nature, therefore, has provided it with a funnel formed sheath, into which it withdraws itself when necessity urges.

The Cuttle, so frequently a prey to Turbot, and many other marine animals, often escapes by blackening the water around with the liquor which Providence has furnished him with, and which he ejects as occasion requires. He is not less voracious in his kind, and is the destroyer of many weaker animals. Some of this genus are of an alarming magnitude, and, with their strong tentacula, will pull a boat under water, if they are not cut off with an ax ; an instrument commonly carried by the Indians in those seas where they frequent.

The *Medusa*, a gelatinous substance, appearing like a lifeless lump of jelly, floating on the surface of the ocean, and plying underneath with its tentacula, embraces the small fry, and de-

vours them : they are gregarious animals ; and though they are said to occasion, when touched, the same alarming sensation as the *Laplysia*, the ravenous Shark, with malignant eye, darts sidelong at them, and devours many of them at a mouthful. These animals, when dead, soon dissolve to a thin lucid water, and nothing substantial of them remains which leaves any traces of their former animated state. To examine the nature and properties of these beings, it is necessary to preserve them in a large glass filled with sea water, which should be changed daily. The *Actinia*, *Ascidia*, and many others, might be investigated by the same means, and much pleasure and improvement in the knowledge of the ways of these creatures derived therefrom.

We are now come to the *Asterias* ; an animal apparently possessing stronger animal functions and properties than the preceding genus, though its motion is slow, when we consider the number of fasciculi which surround its rays, and serve the animal as feet, by which means it moves either sideways, backward or forward, and in any direction the creature requires ; with them it likewise clings to the rocks, and preserves itself from being dashed about by the tempestuous waves. They are likewise as tentacula to the animal, with which it seizes its prey, and conveys it to the mouth ; their rays are of so brittle a nature, as easily to be broke off, but in time they grow again, as the claws of Crabs and Lobsters do, when lost. It subsists on young Crabs, small shell fish, &c.

The *Echinus* is an extraordinary creature, though common ; armed with spines, which serve the animal as feet, it moves in every direction, and occasionally throws out tentacula, with which it grapples to the bottom of the sea, at the approach of a storm. But nature has ornamented this creature in a most surprising manner ; the finest sculptor could not, with the most consummate skill and labour, imitate its ornaments, with such regularity, beauty, and numerous excrescences ; which are the joints to which their spines are affixed, and made moveable by,

by, all over the calcareous covering: some are, as it were, laid out in avenues, like unto a parterre; others are reticulated, in the manner of the most beautiful and exact net work, interspersed with excrescences of a minute globular form. Some have their habitation round, others oval; and again there are that have them round, oblong and flat: as various are the forms of their spines; round, quadrangular, octogonal; some formed like bristles,

others like pillars belonging to a fine building. Their colour, when stripped of their spines, which soon fall off after the animal's decease, is beautifully various; some being green, yellow, purple, red, brown; and others blushing with the tinge of the Tyrian dye. So prolific is nature in all her works, sporting with her amazing powers over all the creation, and proving the vast source of wisdom from whence her operations flow.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Seeing in your Magazine for July, a View and Description of the FALLS of NIAGARA, I send you a Newspaper, printed in 1764, which contains a more particular Account of those very remarkable Falls, which you will please to republish.

Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

NIAGARA Fall is about eighteen miles from Niagara fort. You first go six leagues by water up Niagara river, and then three leagues by land over the carrying place. As I was desirous of seeing every thing relating to this famous cataract, I prevailed on three gentlemen who had often visited it, to accompany me; one of whom had lived almost ten years near the carrying place, and, consequently, was well acquainted with every circumstance relative to it.

A little before we came to the carrying place, the water grew so rapid, that four men in a light canoe had much difficulty to get up thither. Canoes can go half a league above the beginning of the carrying place, tho they must labour against a stream extremely rapid; but higher up, it is quite impossible, the whole course of the river, for two leagues and a half below the great fall, being a series of smaller falls, one under another, in which the greatest canoe or batteau would, in a moment, be turned upside down. We therefore went ashore, and walked over the carrying place, having, besides the high and steep sides of the river, two great hills to ascend one above another.

We arrived at the great fall about ten in the morning; and the weather being very fine, I had an opportunity of surveying very attentively this surprising cataract of nature.

The course of the river, or rather strait, is here from S. S. E. to N. N. W. and the rocks of the great fall cross it, not in a right line, but forming an arch little less than a semicircle. Above the fall, in the middle of the river, is an island, lying also S. S. E. and N. N. W. or parallel with the sides of the river; its length is about 420 yards. The lower end of this island is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall. On both sides of this island runs all the water that comes from the lakes of Canada, viz. Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, and Lake Erie; which are, indeed, rather seas than lakes; and have, besides, a great many large rivers that discharge their waters into them, of which the greatest part comes down Niagara fall. Before the water comes to the island, it runs but slowly compared with its motion when it approaches the island, where it becomes the most rapid water in the world, running with a surprising swiftness. Before it comes to the fall, it is quite white, and, in many places is thrown high into the air. The greatest and strongest boats would here, in a moment, be overset. The water that runs along the west side of the island is more rapid, in greater abundance, and whiter, than that which runs on the east side, appearing almost to exceed an arrow in swiftness.

When you are at the fall, and look up

up the river, you may see that the river above the fall is every where exceeding steep, resembling the side of a hill. When this prodigious body of water comes to the very fall, it throws itself down in a perpendicular direction. But the surprise on seeing this is beyond belief; nor is it in the power of language to express it. To behold so vast a body of water throwing itself headlong down so prodigious a precipice, strikes the observer with awe and surprise.

The perpendicular height of this fall has been variously reported. Father Hennipin supposes it 600 feet; but he has gained little credit among his countrymen in America, who call him *un grand menteur*, "a great liar." He did indeed visit this famous fall: but it is the common practice of some travellers to magnify every thing; and this the good father has done: for the height of this famous fall has been found to be exactly 137 feet.

When the water is come down to the bottom of the rock of the fall, it jumps back to a great height in the air; in other places it is as white as milk or snow, and all in motion like a boiling caldron.

The noise of this fall in fine weather may be heard at fifteen leagues distance. And, when the wind is very calm, you may hear it at Niagara fort; but seldom at other times; because, when the wind blows, the waves of the lake Ontario make too much noise there against the shore. And it is very remarkable, that, when they hear the noise of the fall at the above fort more plain than ordinary, they are sure a north east wind will follow. This is really surprising, as the fall is south west from the fort; and one would imagine it should rather be a contrary wind.

From the place where the water falls, there rises abundance of vapours, resembling a prodigious thick smoke. These vapours rise a great height in the air when it is calm, but are dispersed by the wind when it blows hard. If you go into this vapour or fog, or if the wind blows it on you, it is so penetrating, that in a few minutes you will be as wet as if you had been under water. I desired two of the gen-

tlemen who went with me, to go down to bring me, from the side at the bottom of the fall, some of the several kinds of herbs, stones, and shells, they could find there. They immediately went down the fall; but when they returned, which was not many minutes, they were so wet, that I really thought they had accidentally fallen into the water, as they were obliged to strip themselves quite naked, and hang their clothes in the sun to dry.

When you are on the other side of the lake Ontario, though a great many leagues from the fall, you may, every clear and calm morning, see the vapours of the fall rising in the air; and a person unused to this phenomenon, would be tempted to think that all the forests thereabouts were on fire, so great is the apparent smoke. In the like manner you may see it on the west side of the lake Erie, a great many leagues off.

The Indians say, that when birds come flying into this fog or smoke of the cataract, they fall down, and perish in the water; either because their wings are wet, or that the noise of the fall astonishes them, and they know not which way to fly, the light being excluded by the vapours. But those who accompanied me, were of opinion, that seldom or never any bird perishes there in that manner; because, among all the birds found dead below the cataract, there are no other sorts than such as live, or at least frequently swim in the water; as swans, geese, ducks, water hens, teal, and the like. And very often large flocks of them are seen going to destruction in this manner: they swim in the river above the fall, and so are carried down lower and lower by the water; and, as water fowl commonly take great delight in being carried with the stream, so here they indulge themselves in enjoying this pleasure so long till the swiftness of the water becomes so great, that it is no longer possible for them to rise, but they are driven down the precipice, and perish. They are observed, when they draw near the fall, to endeavour, with all their might, to take wing, and leave the water, but find it impossible. In the months of September and October,

tober, such quantities of dead water fowl are found every morning below the fall, on the banks, that the French garrison at the fort used to live chiefly upon them. Besides the fowl, they also find dead fish of various kinds : likewise deer, bears, and other animals, which have endeavoured to cross the river above the fall ; the larger of which are generally found broken to pieces. Just below the fall, the water is not rapid, but goes all in circles and eddies like a boiling pot ; which, however, does not hinder the Indians from going a fishing on it in small canoes. When you are above the fall, and look down, your head begins to turn : nor will those who have often visited it seldom venture to look down, without holding fast by some tree.

It was formerly looked upon as impossible for any body to go ashore on the island, and return again ; but an accident that happened about twenty five years ago, proved that this opinion was ill founded. The history is this : Two Indians of the Six Nations went from Niagara fort, to hunt on an island in the middle of the river or strait, above the great fall, on which there used to be plenty of deer. They took some French brandy with them, from the fort, which they tasted several times, as they were going over the carrying place ; and, when they were in the canoe, they did the same thing as they rowed up the strait, towards the island where they proposed to hunt ; but, growing sleepy, they laid themselves down in the canoe, which getting loose, drove back with the stream, farther and farther down, till they came near that island which lies in the middle of the fall. Here one of them, awakened by the noise of the cataract, cried out to the other that they were lost ! They tried, however, to save their lives ; and, this island being nearest, they with the utmost difficulty, got ashore there. They were, at first, greatly rejoiced ; but when they had seriously reflected on their condition, they believed themselves hardly in a better state, than if they had been precipitated down the fall ; as they had no other choice, than either to throw themselves down that precipice, or perish with hunger.

But necessity is the mother of invention. At the lower end of the island the rock is perpendicular, and no water runs there ; and, the island abounding with wood, they went immediately to work, and made a kind of ladder of the bark of the linden tree, long enough to reach the surface of the water at the bottom of the precipice. One end of this ladder they fastened to a large tree that grew at the side of the rock above the fall, and let the other end down to the water. Being thus fixed, they went down their new invented stairs to the surface of the water, in the middle of the fall, where they rested a little time ; and as the water next below the fall is not rapid, they threw themselves into it, hoping to reach the shore by swimming. I have said before, that one part of the fall is on this, and the other on that side of the island ; and hence it is, that the waters of each turn back against the rock, that is just under the island. The Indians therefore had hardly began to swim, before the waves of the eddy threw them with violence against the rock from whence they came. They tried it several times, but were always thrown against the rock ; so that they were obliged to climb up their stairs again to the island, not knowing what to do. After some time they perceived some of their countrymen, to whom they cried out. They saw, and pitied them ; but gave them little hopes of help. They, however, hastened to the fort, and told the commander the dismal situation of their two brethren. He persuaded them to try all possible means of relieving the poor Indians ; which at last they effected in the following manner. The water that runs on the east side of this island is shallow, especially a little above the island towards the eastern shore. The commandant having caused poles to be made, and pointed with iron, two Indians determined to walk to the island by the help of these poles, in order to save the other poor creatures, or perish in the attempt ; accordingly, before they made the attempt, they took leave of all their friends, as if they were going to inevitable death. Each of the Indians carried two of the above poles, one of which

which they fixed firmly in the river, and by that means supported themselves against the rapidity of the torrent. In this manner, they both safely arrived on the island; and, having given each of the two poor Indians a pole, they all returned safely to the main.

Since the above accident, the Indians often go to this island to kill deer, which, having endeavoured to cross the river above the fall, are driven on the island by the stream.

Formerly a part of the rock at the fall, which is on the west side of the island, hung over in such a manner, that the water which fell perpendicularly from it left a vacancy below, so that there was a passage at the bottom of the fall between the rock and the water; but some years ago the prominent part broke off, and fell down; so that now there is no possibility of going between the falling water and

the rock, the former touching the latter from the upper part to the bottom of the fall. The breadth of the fall as it forms a semicircle, is reckoned to be about 360 yards. The island is in the middle of the fall, and about 40 yards broad at its lower end.

Every day, when the sun shines, from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, below the fall, and under you, when you stand at the side over the fall, you see a glorious rainbow, and sometimes two, one within another. I was so fortunate as to be at the fall on a fine clear day, and contemplated with great delight this beautiful phenomenon, which was embellished with those brilliant colours conspicuous in the rainbow formed in the air. When the wind carries the vapours from place to place, the rainbow is often invisible, but becomes conspicuous as soon as new vapours are formed.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

P H I L O. No. XIII.

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS.

"Thou art not found where pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist,
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support."

I HAVE never yet paid my devoirs at the sparkling shrine of his Hymenean majesty; from my pen, maxims, therefore, will carry with them no further weight than as they quadruple with the sound dictates of experience; and thus far, even with those who may have been stung by their own imprudence, I presume they will have their due influence. Reason, that sultry goddess, to be sure cannot at first originate within the heart a pure attachment; but when once originated, in its direction and government reason may and ought to exercise her authority. The busy hand of fancy is constantly framing little fabricks of bliss, which serve only to allure the unwary traveller from his peaceful walks of quietude and ease. To the young, the thoughtless devotee, at this sacred shrine, she has described in the most vivid colours the fair temple of *conjugial happiness*. Like some venerable

pile, at a distance, it appears to him airy, ornamental, magnificent. The crowded concourse which surround it raise within him some restless emotions; he longs, yet dreads to approach; impelled at length by the impulse of sudden transports, he advances with rapid yet trembling steps; reaches the magnificent portico, passes over the decorated threshold, enters the various apartments; but the instant he becomes the tenant, its stupendous size diminishes, the various apartments contract, the splendor of the whole moulders and decays. So imperfect is our vision, so liable to magnify atoms to mountains, to diminish mountains again to atoms. Anticipation deceives, and enjoyment proves to us the deception. Discontentment of mind, I believe, generally originates either from the natural luxury of the imagination, or the innate poverty of terrestrial objects. In almost

most every instance, the luke warm indifference so frequent after the fervid period of the honey moon, may be traced to this source, and difficult as it may seem to regulate a passion, of all others the most irregular, I have no doubt that a well digested code of rules may answer the purpose. Perfect happiness cannot be expected; it never existed but within the fanciful brain of a *Plato*, who could fabricate worlds without materials, and give them motion without impulse. By his ingenious incorporation of both halves into a whole, the union of the sexes and the harmony resulting from it, became entire. As this process is now unknown, it should be our humble attempt, as near as possible, to repair the deficiency by the most judicious connection. Souls congenial with each other are generally the most inseparable in friendship; in the union of souls different in stamp, yet similar in essence, resemblance may give both strength and permanency. Through every trait of character this similitude may not be necessary, but the parties connected should very carefully examine each other, and experience will teach them that the unisons and discords in the more essential traits, will either tranquillize or disturb their mutual harmony. In understanding, the diversity, if great, will constantly subject them in their own presence, in

the presence of others, to mutual chagrin and mortification. Besides, on *this* vibrate their most substantial pleasures; within their own walls are concentrated all their wishes, all their joys, all their comforts, and if in their participation, incapacity of mind in either renders mutual converse uninteresting and unentertaining, the scene is at once wrapt in darkness. Nor will a diversity too observable even in disposition promise a duration of joys.

The same extreme or extremes diametrically opposite to each other, can never be made to beat in unison. Violence with violence, like fire and powder, will instantly rise into combustion; nor will *lion like* rage ever unite with *lamb like* mildness. The one will triumph as the haughty tyrant, while the other will cringe as the humble vassal. In any of the intermediate degrees the difference may not prove so dangerous; and where the collision is not too violent, it may serve to burnish rather than to tarnish the chain. Equality in mind and in disposition, is however the surest foundation for a permanent and agreeable connection, the surest basis for the continuance of domestic enjoyment and tranquillity. With these precautions, the chain now so often tarnished at the first display, will acquire new strength, new luster with years, and tarnish and dissolve but with the dissolution of life.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
FRIENDSHIP and INGRATITUDE.

Addressed to the YOUNG BRAMIN.

That's the strong tie that should forever bind,
The surest charm to fix the generous mind.

ARE not your reflections, my young Bramin, upon the behaviour of *Vicentio*, whom you characterized as a modern friend, a little tinged with uncharitable severity? Is it not possible for a person to feel sorrow while their aspect is placid and serene? May not the most poignant grief lurk in the heart of one possessed of self command, when we can observe no material alteration in their deportment? Was it necessary *Vicentio* should testify the sincerity of his affection to

the dead, by bidding the "ceaseless tears" forever flow, quitting the world, and consigning himself to eternal despair? Humanity exacts no such sacrifice; his obligations to society, to his family, and to himself, forbid it; though no doubt the *feeling heart* will oft retire from the *publick eye*, and in some secret recess indulge in all the *luxury of woe*; reflect with a mournful satisfaction on the many happy hours he has passed with the friend of his soul; he will recal the pleasing scenes

scenes in which they have been companionated : But he will soothe his sorrow with the thought that they shall once more meet in the blissful regions of eternal day. Vicentio probably loved his friend, and felt the loss he sustained by his death, but he bore it like a man with fortitude and resignation.

There is a great propensity in some, to complain with virulence of the depravity of mankind ; and indeed their follies and vices afford ample matter for declamation, " but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and choose to be forever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme ;" though it is often necessary to expose to the view of the publick, the real character of those, who, odious and contemptible in private life, have by their artifices palmed themselves upon the world as virtuous and good. In this class, I may with propriety rank the gay, the opulent Florio. Endowed by nature with every accomplishment of person and mind that can create affection ; the sprightliness of his temper and brilliancy of his wit, constitute him a jovial companion with the beaux d'esprit, while the elegance of his dress, his easy and captivating manners, render him equally a favourite with the fair. But to what source does Florio owe all these advantages, and many more he at present possesses ? Deserted almost as soon as born, by her who should have nursed him with maternal care ; but who, fearing the censure of the world, and lost to every tender sentiment, abandoned her hapless infant, unprotected and friendless, exposed to suffer all the miseries unfeeling strangers could inflict, and destitute of every solace its tender age required. Accident, however, soon informed the worthy Benevolos of his necessitous situation. Ever the friend of the unfortunate, he no sooner heard, than he extended the arm of charity for his relief ; he provided an asylum, and furnished him with every thing requisite for his ease and comfort. The culture of this young plant, snatched from impending destruction, engaged much of the attention of Benevolos ; with pleasure he observed his young mind expanding, and his dawning genius

gave hopes of a future brilliant day. At school, his application to his studies, and the rapid progress he made, determined his benefactor to give him a liberal education ; and after the usual preparation he was received among Harvard's sons. Here a wide field opened for the display of his talents ; ambitious to excel in every branch of learning, he was at once the envy and admiration of his fellow students, and the darling of his tutors. He left that feat of literature with universal applause, whilst the praises that reverberated from every tongue elated his young heart, and afforded the highest satisfaction to his guardian and friend.

Florio soon entered the office of an eminent practitioner in the law, and after studying the usual term, was admitted as one of that profession, and went to reside in a distant part of the country. At parting, he received from his patron, with his benediction, a large sum to enable him to make a splendid entrance into publick life, which he told him he might reimburse, if his efforts were crowned with success, and he attained a state of affluence and ease. He enjoined him to transmit regular accounts of his progress in business, as it would ever conduce to his happiness to hear of the prosperity of one he held so dear. Here I would let the curtain fall, and hide in eternal oblivion, a sequel which reflects so much dishonour on human nature ; but compassion for suffering merit obliges me to relate facts as they were.

Several years have now elapsed since Florio left the friend and protector of his youth ; and in this time he has accumulated a vast fortune, not a little of which he derives from the widow and fatherless, who were so unfortunate as to employ him ; and are now left to deplore their mistaken confidence in obscurity and wretchedness.

And where now is the kind, the charitable Benevolos ? A series of unavoidable misfortunes has reduced him and his family to a state of the most extreme necessity ;

—— and in a lone obscure retreat,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,

He lives retir'd ;

Whilst the child of his bounty riots in dissipation

dissipation and luxury, forgetful of the obligations of gratitude or affection.

Chance, not long since, directed Placentio to the humble cottage that contained this worthy man. Struck with the sad reverse, he flew to Florio, and in the most pathetick language, painted the distress in which his benefactor was involved. He heard the tale of woe without emotion, adjusting his dress before a reflecting mirror, and hum-

ming an opera air with the utmost negligence and unconcern; and when it was completed, begged to be excused farther attention, as he was engaged that evening at the assembly.

Say—is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
Who thus can trample over ev'ry tie
Of gratitude and love!

LUCIA.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XVIII.

WHILE the politicians of the day are busied in the investigation of those subjects which more immediately affect society in states and empires, the General Observer enters a more circumscribed field, and intends in this number to treat of those things whose consequences only come within the province of the statesman and the philosopher.

In a republick, where natural and political equality is acknowledged and established, the causes which produce any material change in its political system, originate from defects in the municipal laws, or in the want of energy in their execution.

Commonwealths are but an assemblage of individuals, united together through the grades of inferior societies. Families, in a state of civilization, are the first nurseries where individuals receive those principles which qualify them for a higher sphere in towns and corporations; and in these they become more qualified for substantial benefit to the state. In these lesser communities, particular laws and regulations must necessarily be established, which indeed as they are calculated for the publick good, must be subordinate; but otherwise are independent of the laws of the commonwealth. The father being by nature invested with absolute authority, need not have recourse to any promulgated laws for the regulation of his family; but towns and corporate societies take mankind in a higher grade, and by appropriate laws and regulations, govern their internal police.

That mankind should be brought

up in habits of virtue and industry, is as essential to the prosperity of a community, as it is to families or to individuals. Every man has some part to perform on the busy stage of life; and if any one neglects the lot assigned him, society are injured by the omission, or it must be remedied by the increased exertion of others.

The misfortunes of life are unavoidable. From the most independent affluence, a man may be plunged, by unforeseen accident, into the depths of poverty and wretchedness; this is an evil which it is not in the power of mortals to counteract; but it is the duty as well as policy of every town, to attend to the circumstances of the poor, and to prevent their becoming dependent by extravagance or idleness.

In towns long incorporated, there is found a much greater proportion of the inhabitants overwhelmed with poverty, than in young settlements; this principally arises from the long accumulating effects of the want of good management in their police; and also from the power granted by law to transport the poor from town to town, until they are lodged in the places which were so unfortunate as to give them birth.

This law may, and most certainly does, oftentimes sanction injustice. Suppose a man in affluence to remove from the place of his nativity, and make a settlement in the wilderness. Here he spends the flower of his days, and is the means of incorporating a respectable town, which for ages will be reaping the benefit of his enterprize and industry. But from the precarious

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ous nature of earthly possessions, in the decline of life, after being worn out in the service of the people, with whom for many years he has been an inhabitant, he is called to suffer the miseries of indigence. Lest he should become a burthen to those who are indebted to his liberality for their ease and comfort, the constable is invested with power, and compelled to deliver him over to the next town, to be handed on until he is transported, friendless and forlorn, to the place which gave him birth, there to spend the wretched evening of his days.

Was the town, which had received the benefit of his industry, obliged to contribute to his support, they probably would have guarded his interest, and prevented his coming to want; but knowing they could cart off the incumbrance, why should they trouble themselves about his prosperity?

Few of the many who suffer from the pinching hand of poverty, who may not be put into a situation where they may support themselves and benefit society. The rearing large families is not among the least inconveniences which attend the poor. Where they are thus incumbered, let them be relieved by having their children put out where they may be trained up in habits of industry and usefulness.

Attached to the spot of their nativity, we often see the descendants of once respectable opulent families, degenerated into very inconsiderable citizens, if they have not become useless and burthen some to society. A father, perhaps from his over fondness for his children, subdivides a farm, which was scarcely sufficient for his own maintenance, among his sons. With a little exertion, he might have instilled into their minds such principles as would enable them to combat the difficulties they might meet with in their first setting out in life, and procured them a valuable tract of land in some less cultivated town. He soon becomes embarrassed, and their exertions cannot secure them from the jaws of poverty. Their ambition becomes deadened, and they scarcely attempt to ward off the destruction which awaits them and their families. Thinking themselves no longer objects

of respect and confidence, they sit down in despair, or abandon themselves to vice and wretchedness.

Human nature is seldom so depraved, as to be beyond the power of being reclaimed. Place the most abandoned in a society where his vices are unknown, and where he is viewed with respect, and he will feel some sparks of virtue rekindling in his bosom. Let the poor from old settlements migrate to the new, and they will generally leave behind them those feelings which have accompanied their poverty. The consciousness of inherent merit, which, fortunately for mankind, we all possess, begins anew to influence his mind; the spark of ambition, which has been smothered by dependence, animates his bosom; success crowns his industry, and he now feels a spirit of emulation, which soon enables him to outdo his neighbours. His mind becomes enlarged in proportion as his external circumstances are bettered, and he at length becomes the most respectable character in town.

It is a dishonourable reflection upon our policy, that so many are found, particularly in the older settlements, who support a numerous family, by the sweat of their brow, on a soil not their own. In old countries, where property is confined to a few, the evil cannot be so easily remedied; there, necessity, joined with state policy, will ever keep the majority in dependence: but in a country like ours, where property is more generally diffused among the people; where agriculture is the most useful employment, and where there are such vast quantities of uncultivated, fertile land, so easily procured, every husbandman, who maintains a family, should be in possession of a farm; and there ought not to be a single individual, unless incapable of labour, maintained by charity.

Had we a standing army to maintain, and press gangs patrolling our streets, to replenish our navy, we might find a drain for the indolent and useless part of our inhabitants; but, thank heaven, our national glory does not consist in the ostentatious display of a formidable armament. By virtue and industry we hold our claim

to greatness. Laden with our own produce, the American flag is the olive branch of peace in every section of the globe.

That mankind do not long flourish upon their own soil, is a truth, which a very little observation will demonstrate. Like the fruits of the earth, they require to be sometimes transplanted, to call again into existence, those virtues which are deadened by the perpetual sameness of cultivation. An uninterrupted ascent to perfection, is equally unknown in the natural and moral world. Learning and ignorance, affluence and poverty, whether we view nations or individuals, as regularly succeed each other, and are almost the objects of as just calculations, as the revolutions of day and night, summer and winter.

Rome, once the mistress of the world, owed her origin to a band of ruffians, whom she herself would have gibbeted in almost any subsequent period of her existence. What were the first founders of the British empire, but a motley collection of abandoned wretches? And are not the justly famed Americans their lineal descendants? The Philosopher when he contemplates human nature as liable to degenerate to a level with the brute, may, by turning the picture, again behold it emerging from its debasement, and, rising on the grades of refinement, claim alliance with the angels of light.

Neatness and cleanliness are essential virtues in private life and ought to be regarded upon a higher scale. When

passing through a town if we find the farms slovenly and the houses out of repair, we can have no better evidence that the inhabitants are indolent, poor and abject; and, without a change, infamy and wretchedness are inevitable.

Beneficial would be the effect, if the selectmen or committee in the several towns were empowered to condemn and raze to the ground all such houses as should be judged untenable. So long as they can find something to break the fury of the storms and tempests, there are enough in every town who would run the hazard of perishing with want, or being crushed in the ruins of a miserable hut, rather than dwell with plenty in comfortable habitations, provided they must contribute to their comfort by their own enterprize and exertions. Like lawless beasts of prey, under covert of darkness, they roam abroad to search for food, and find means to satisfy their present wants from a clandestine visit to their neighbours fields, flocks or houses, or by a bold attack upon some benighted traveller. Was even this all the injury we are to suffer from these pests of society, the evil would not be so great: But when we consider the pernicious tendency of bad example, the mischief should be remedied without delay. The vicious and indolent will ever find associates. If their companions at first are not vile and abandoned, they will inevitably become so by the power of assimilation.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

On the DECAY and FALL of the LEAVES.

How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold!
How mix'd the many chequered shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green.—FAWKES.

*Quam multa in sylvis Autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia.*—VIRGIL.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks,
In Vallombrosa, where th'Etrurian shades
High over arch'd imbower.—MILTON.

EACH season of the revolving year produces a variety of picturesque appearances peculiar to itself. The emotions which affect the mind, while

it contemplates scenes which every month contributes to diversify, must consequently be of various kinds, all suitable to the season. The vivid beauties

beauties of Spring, the glowing skies of Summer, the fading scenes of Autumn, and the dreary aspect of Winter, excite, respectively, vivacity, languor, solemnity, or dejection.

Summer, refulgent 'Child of the Sun,' has retired, with 'his ardent look,' from our northern regions: Each gaudy flower disappears, and Winter approaches fast. But the gloom of the falling year is in some measure enlivened, in this month especially, by the variety of colours, some lively and beautiful, which are now assumed by the fading leaves of trees and shrubs.

Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green,
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on
the trees,
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay;
The Lime first fading; and the golden
Birch,
With bark of silver hue; the moss grown
Oak,
Tenacious of its leaves of russet brown;
Th' ensanguin'd Dogwood, and a thousand
tints
Which Flora, dress'd in all her pride of
bloom,
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves.

What a beautiful description is this, of the appearance which some of the trees, in particular, are observed to exhibit! But the great Poet of the Seasons, with comprehensive eye, extends his view, and describes the diversified aspect of the changing woods, in one magnificent landscape far diffused around.

The fading many coloured woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country
round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and
dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome
Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf strown
walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

From the gradual change and decay of the leaf, we are next invited to contemplate its fall. This last circumstance is so striking, that the whole declining season of the year is often, in common language, called the fall. Here Thomson again presents us with a prospect. What he had before described, the general aspect of the woods, was obvious, perhaps, to every admirer of Nature. But what Poet

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had ever before described so minute a circumstance as the effect which the falling leaf often has upon the contemplative mind?

Now the leaf
Incessant rustles thro' the mournful grove;
Ofte startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze, amid the
boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary
shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Rolls wide the withered waste, and whistle
bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery
race
Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what re-
main'd
Of stronger fruits, fall from the naked
tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all
around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

The abbé De Lille, in a beautiful didactic poem (*Les Jardins, ou l'Art d'embellir les Paysages*), has likewise been very happy in describing the variegated appearance of the woods, and the philosophick emotions which this vicissitude of Nature has a tendency to inspire. The fine effect of the falling leaf he has evidently borrowed from Thomson:

Que de variété, que de pompe & d'éclat!
Le pourpre, l'orangé, l'opale, l'incarnat,
De leurs riches couleurs étalent l'abon-
dance.

Helas! tout cet éclat marque leur deca-
dence.

Tel est le sort commun. Bientôt les aqi-
jons

Des dépouilles des bois vont joncher les
vallons;

De moment en moment la feuille sur la terre,
Entombant, interrompt le rêveur solitaire.

Mais ces ruines même ont pour moi des at-
traits.

Là, si mon cœur nourrit quelques profonds
regrets,

Si quelque souvenir vient rouvrir ma bles-
sure,

J'aime à mêler mon deuil au deuil de la
Nature.

De ces bois desséchés, de ces rameaux flé-
tris,

Seul, errant, je me plais à fouler les dé-
bris.

Ils font passés les jours d'ivresse & de folie;
Viens, je me livre à toi, tendre Melancolie;

Viens, non le front chargé des nuages af-
freux

Dont marche enveloppé le Chagrin téné-
breux,

Mais

Mais l'œil demi-voilé, mais telle qu'en
Automne
A travers des vapeurs un jour plus doux
rayonne :
Viens, le regard pensif, le front calme, &
les yeux
Tout prêts à s'humecter de pleurs délicieux.

Chant II.

What pomp, what vast variety of hues
The woodland scenes adorn. The purple
deep,

Orange, and opal, and carnation bright,
To the rapt eye their rich profusion spread.

Alas ! this splendour all bespeaks decay.
Such is the common lot. The north winds
sweep

Their sylvan spoils will strow along the
vales.

*The leaf incessant flutters to the ground,
And, flutt'ring, startles such, who musing
sray,*

*Lonely and devious, through the solemn shades.
Yet have these leafy ruins charms for me.
There, should my heart some poignant woe
conceal,*

And sad Remembrance ope the bleeding
wound,

How sweet to mingle then my sorrowing
gloom,

With the deep gloom that saddens all the
scene !

Wand'ring, recluse, how sweet to tread the
spoils

Of the stripp'd woods and wither'd branches
round !

The giddy days of gay aspiring Hope,
And all my youthful follies, now are fled.

Come then, O soothing Melancholy, come !
To thee each moment I devote : But come,

Not o'er thy v' sage how'ring frightful clouds,
Involv'd in which depressing Sorrow walks,

But with eye half veil'd, as in Autumn when
Through congregated fogs a brighter sun

With sudden radiation cheers the day :
O come, with pensive look, and front se-

rene,
While the big drops sit trembling in thine
eye,

Or steal adown thy cheek delicious tears.

Book II.

Such are the appearances and effects
which result from the gradual decay
and fall of the leaves. But the Con-
templative Philosopher, not content
with general appearances and effects,
delights to explore with curious eye,
their latent cause. And when he ex-
amines the structure of the leaves of
trees, and enquires into their uses,
with what a grateful heart must he
acknowledge, that the all wise Crea-
tor has not designed them for ornament
only, but for the most important ser-
vice in vegetation.

Botanists define a leaf to be a part
of a plant extended into length and

breadth, in such a manner as to have
one side distinguishable from the other.
They are properly the extreme part
of a branch, and the ornament of the
twigs. They consist of a very glut-
inous matter, being furnished every
where with veins and nerves. Of the
different distinctions of leaves, accord-
ing to their position and form, above
one hundred are enumerated. In all
of them, one of the offices is to sub-
tilize and give more spirit to the a-
bundance of nourishing sap, and to
convey it to the little buds.

There are two orders of veins and
nerves in leaves, one belonging to
each surface ; and it has been gener-
ally observed, that the lower lamina,
or under side of the leaf, has the ram-
ifications larger, and is capable of
admitting a liquid to pass through
them, which those of the upper sur-
face will not. These two orders of
veins are inosculated at several places ;
but not so closely connected, but that
they may be easily separated, after they
have been steeped in water a proper
time. Both, it is supposed, are destin-
ed for very different purposes. The
upper lamina, or coat of veins, is
thought to consist of air vessels, through
which the perspiring matter is pro-
truded, and by which the air is inspir-
ed. This is evident from the clam-
my substance called honey dew, which
is always found sticking on the upper
surface of leaves. The lower lamina
is supposed to be intended for the re-
ceiving, preparing, and conveying the
moisture, imbibed from the rising va-
pours of the earth, by which trees and
plants are greatly nourished ; so that
one principal use of leaves is to per-
form, in some measure, the same office
for the support of vegetable life, as
the lungs of animals do for the sub-
sistence of animal life. For these re-
spective uses the two surfaces are very
differently formed. The upper part
is commonly smooth and lucid ; the
under one frequently covered with
hairs, or a soft down, the better to
stop and detain the rising vapours, and
transmit them to the inner vessels.
Where the structure of the leaves is
different, it has been demonstrated by
experience that their functions alter
for in those leaves whose upper sur-
face

face is furnished with down or hairs, that upper surface is found to be the receiver and conveyer of the moisture, and not the under one as in the other plants. If the surface, therefore, of these be altered, by reversing the branches on which they grew, the plants are stopped in their growth until the foot stalks are turned, and the leaves restored to their former position.

Another of the great functions for which the leaves of trees and plants are designed, is that of their foot stalks nourishing and preparing the buds of the future shoots, which are always formed at the base of these foot stalks. During the continuance of the leaves in perfect health, these buds increase in magnitude, and, in the deciduous trees, are brought to maturity before the foot stalks separate from the buds in Autumn. If the leaves be blighted, or their entire surface cut, although the foot stalks remain, yet the buds will decay, or not arrive at their proper size, for want of the nourishment which is conveyed to them from the leaves. Whenever, therefore, the trees are divested of their leaves, or those leaves are cut, or otherwise impaired, although it happen in either case when the buds are nearly formed, yet, if it be before the foot stalks separate naturally from the branches, the future shoots will be weakened in proportion to the time when this is done. In a word, it is of the utmost consequence not to pull or cut off the leaves of trees or plants, while they retain their verdure, and are in health.

Leaves, moreover, are designed to shade the buds for the future shoots from the sun, which would otherwise exhale and dry up all their moisture. They also shade the young fruit, which is absolutely necessary, during the time of their growth. They throw off, by transpiration, what is unnecessary to the growth of the plant; and this corresponds to the discharge which is made by perspiration in animal bodies. Indeed plants receive and transpire much more in equal time than large animals. The sunflower, for instance, has been found, by repeated experiments, to receive and perspire, in twenty four hours, seventeen times more than a man.

Air evidently passes in at the leaves, and goes through the whole plant, and out again at the roots. If the leaves have no air, the whole plant will die. This has been proved by experiments with the air pump. And plants not only draw thro' their leaves some part of their nourishment from the air, but the leaves also perform the necessary work of altering the water received in at the roots into the nature and juices of the plant; and hence it is that the life of the plants depends so immediately on their leaves. The husbandman often suffers for want of this knowledge. A crop of saint foins is a very valuable thing, and its root being perennial, will yield him increase many years; but it is often destroyed at first, by suffering it to be indiscreetly fed upon by the sheep, which eating up all the leaves, the root remains without the means of a supply of air, and the whole plant perishes. This remark has been likewise extended to prove the absurdity of feeding down wheat in the Winter and Spring.

Leaves being thus so necessary, Nature has, in all perennial plants, provided a reverfionary stock of them. The leaves of these plants are always formed in Autumn, though they are not unfolded till the following Spring. They then open and increase gradually, in proportion to the motion of the sap, and the quantity of pabulum, or nourishment, it then receives to be circulated. And these leaves of evergreens have also a thin compact skin or cover over their surfaces. They are found by experiment to imbibe and perspire but little in the same space of time, when compared with the deciduous trees and shrubs, and it is chiefly owing to this close covering, and to the small proportion of moisture contained in their vessels, that they retain their verdure, and continue uninjured in the severest frosts; a circumstance which is likewise owing to their oily exterior. Besides these autumnal leaves, there is another set of them formed in the Spring, and expanded about midsummer. These are of infinite service to many trees, particularly to the mulberry, as they save its life when the spring leaves have been all eaten up by the silk worms.

No

No plant, indeed, to which Nature has allotted leaves, can live without them, but will certainly die if they are pulled off as soon as they appear. The common grass of our meadows and pastures might seem an exception to this general rule; but it is to be considered, that though the sheep eat this down very close, and take off its leaves as soon as they grow, yet when it is thus devoured by cattle, it is only in the leaf, very little of it growing up into stalk at that time, and therefore less sap is to be purified, and consequently less of the operation allotted to the leaves required. There is, besides, a constant succession of new leaves growing up in the place of the old ones; and many of these being too short to be bitten off, serve in the place of those which are eaten.

Finally, the leaf serves in a singular manner, as already observed, to nourish the eye or germ of the plant, until, growing by degrees to a greater bulk, it presses the vessels of the foot stalk together, whereby the juice is by little and little stopped in the leaf, till it cannot any more return through the foot stalk; which, by the cessation of the afflux and reflux of the nutritious juice, grows putrid, and the leaf dies and falls off. This is the chief cause of the fall of the leaf in Autumn. But other causes are adduced. One of the most obvious is the coldness of the season; for no sooner are the leaves covered with the first hoar frost, than

they are observed to fall in great abundance, and all the trees and plants are stripped of their verdant honours. The cold, it is said, causes a stagnation of the sap in plants, and prevents its transpiration by the leaves. But this explanation would be insufficient without the solution already given; for the leaves will certainly fall, although it do not freeze during the whole Winter; nor can the comfortable shelter of green houses prevent this annual decay and fall.

But whatever be the cause of this vicissitude in the vegetable reign, the decay and fall of the leaves have been favourite themes with Poets and Philosophers. The first they furnish with beautiful descriptions; the latter with solemn contemplations and pathetick moral sentiment. There is something, indeed, extremely melancholy in that gradual process by which the trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left so many monuments of decay and desolation. Homer, the venerable father of Poetry, has deduced from this quick succession of springing and falling leaves, a very apposite comparison for the transitory generations of men:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.

Another race the following Spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.

POPE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following LETTERS are the genuine Correspondence of two female friends, and are at your service for publication.

LAURA.

AMELIA to ADELAIDE.

DEAR ADELE,

WHY wilt thou not obey the voice of friendship, and fly to thy Amelia, who loves her Adelaide, her gentle friend, too well to admit of life's being wasted in lonely groves, and dreary woods? To this, methinks I hear you reply—dear, giddy Amelia, in solitude there is nought to dissipate those sighs, which are borne on the wings of softened love, and wafted from the bosom of truth to Eugenio.

BOSTON.

It is granted; but busy, roving fancy, draws a picture of the welcome pleasures I receive, and these would be thrice welcome communicated to your bounding heart. Methinks, with pensive steps and slow, you walk to yonder wood, there meet Aurora's smiles, and listen to the thousand notes that sweetly fill the air: the most plaintive vibrate on thy soul, and the sondest of hearts whispers that the vocal warblers sing

sing the loves of Adelaide and Eugenio. Sensibility! drop a tear at the thought! I will no more, perhaps this picture may cause uneasiness, which is far, very far from the intentions of your friend. Return, my Adelaide, return from the grove, and contemplate the portrait I hazard of myself. To day, I mix with a party of our modern beaux and belles on the water; the sails are all full, the ocean is calm as the bosom of the rural fair, where white robed innocence alone bears sway; soft harmony delights the raptured scene, it interrupts the milder musick of the wave. Swift pass the hours in social converse; at length yon verdant island opens to our view, the wished for haven we arrive at, and pleasurable mirth crowns the day. Tomorrow, your friend will be surrounded by a hundred wishing swains, who bend at the shrine of my ladyship. To some, I will despair with a frown,

to others a smile lends hope; in short, my Adele, I am forever in one maze of pleasure; no end to dances, routs, cards, jugglers, and wire dancers: but yours is the life of a nymph in love; mine that of one not in the least infected with the tender passion. Come then, and taste the pleasures of the town; leave for a while those dull scenes, which are the gift of a country life. Three good reasons turn volunteers at persuasion. The pleasure your company never fails to give; the dear delights of Boston will banish love and Eugenio for a while; lastly, a winter in the country is too gloomy for my Adelaide. Positively, my dear, if you do not come to me quick, you will die with the *penserosos*. Forgive the raillery of your affectionate

AMELIA.

P. S. In my next shall introduce some curious characters to you.

ADELAIDE to AMELIA.

I WRITE, my Amelia, from this bower, as the most solitary spot, where alone and undisturbed, I can pursue the dictates of inclination, in answering your lively letter. Why do you press me to leave this solitude, and mix in the volatile circle? You know, my friend, sorrow has long chosen me for her own, and misfortune delighteth in me as her child. Before that I knew an Eugenio, my parents and an only brother, my all, left this transitory world to sorrow and to me. Scarce had I began to learn their worth—but heaven hath learnt me to bear afflictions with ease; I bow submissive to its holy will, not a breath shall murmur at the high decree; nor shall a tear repining fall, however hard the lot of Adelaide. Hardly six months had I been with the worthy couple at Oakwood, the name I gave this place from its being surrounded with these venerable trees, when the accomplished Eugenio introduced himself to my acquaintance. In sweet delusion, hours unheeded slid along, but soon the fairy prospect vanished—Eugenio was called home by his parents, who lived in Great Britain. After his departure,

HONEYSUCKLE BOWER.

I received several letters from him, avowing his tender passion, constancy, and truth. His last epistle announced a speedy embarkation for America. Alas! alas! since that moment I have never heard from the youth; dear is his memory! precious to my thoughts! Thrice has sol performed his revolutions, and yet no tidings of Eugenio; perhaps he is false, perhaps he is no more. Dreadful alternative! peace to my heart—my sorrow be thou soothed; the stings of adversity, and the darts of affliction, must be borne.

The picture you have drawn for me, my Amelia, is not just; it is true I contemplate the beauties of nature with pleasure, and ecstasied, listen to the woodlark and thrush. These raise not the sigh of grief, nor do they wring the tear of distress; they rather excite emotions of gratitude, and my spirit hymns with them the parent of the universe.

Your own portrait, I candidly do not like; the varnish of dissipation gilds too deep; but stop, you cannot be dissipated, only innocently gay. you bid me obey the voice of friendship, and fly to your arms; forgive me,

me, I cannot leave the worthy Acuf-to, and his amiable partner, nor the true joys of a rural life, for the ideal ones of Boston. Be not apprehensive, Amelia, of your friend; let me assure you I am wholly resigned, and daily woo contentment to my bosom. The following few lines I offered to the never failing comforter of woes—

COME resignation, balmy maid,
And calm the woe worn breast;

To sorrow's votary lend thy aid,
Soft lull each care to rest.

Teach me to bear my wayward lot,
Nor murmur nor repine;
But own contentment in a cot,
And ev'ry care resign.

May the guardian cherub of virtue,
with the wings of affection, hover
round and guard the slumbers of my
Amelia. ADELAIDE.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION of a LONDON LODGING HOUSE.

[In a letter to a Friend.]

IN my last letter, after giving you an account of the obstructions I have met with in procuring private lodgings, where I need not be apprehensive of finding *tricks put upon travellers*, I requested that you would favour me with information if you knew of any such. But in order to save you that trouble; and being, if I may so say, by this time hackneyed in the art, I spontaneously cast my eyes towards every window on which bills for letting lodgings are to be seen; and if the appearance of the house be creditable, and it is within my limits, I generally take a peep at the apartments. In one of these researches, a few days ago, I met with an adventure which afforded me no little mirth, and as a relation of it may furnish some entertainment to you and your readers, I will lay before you the diverting circumstance.

Passing through a street, not far from Lincoln's inn fields, I observed a bill upon a shutter, announcing "*Genteel apartments to be let.*" With a view of making the usual enquiry, I approached the house, but, what was my astonishment, when I saw upon the posts of the door, the handles of *five* separate bells with names underneath each of them, three on one side and two on the other; besides another name over the knocker. As the house appeared to be rather of the smallest, in what part of it, thought I, can these vacant apartments be? surely six different families, for so many from the names, there must be in it, are sufficient to fill every room of so diminutive a tenement.

Curiosity now adding weight to my other motives, I determined to solve the difficulty; and accordingly applied to the knocker to gain the necessary information.—But just as I was lifting it up, to give the summoning *Rat, rat, rat*, a thought struck me, which for a moment suspended my purpose. Being naturally fond of a *bit of fun*, as most country gentlemen are, I thought that by ringing all the bells, and making use of the knocker at one and the same time, I should give rise to circumstances which would afford no little entertainment.

The thought and the execution followed each other. I pulled the bells with as much velocity and force as I was able, and at the same time made the knocker sound most audibly. Having done this, I waited the event with composure. It was not long before I heard the sound of feet, and these not a few, tripping down the stairs. The door was as quickly opened, when I beheld a group of figures, crowded together in the entry, that would have furnished a subject, not unworthy the pencil of a *Bunbury* or a *Rowlandson*.

"What do you want?" was the general cry. To which I calmly replied, "that if it was not too much trouble, I should be glad to look at the *Genteel apartments* which were to be let." An exclamation betokening disappointment and dissatisfaction, broke from each of their lips, at the same time that they surveyed me with corresponding looks. "The devil burn me," cried a tall Irishman who stood behind the rest, "if I could not find in my heart to tip you the *Shelalah*, for

for calling a man down from the first floor next the sky, for nothing at all at all!—By St. Patrick, but I'll never be a lodger again, unless it is in a house of my own.

'Marblieu! vous non avez pas de politesse, Monsieur!' bawled out a little dapper Frenchman, whom I afterwards found to be a dancing master, 'to ringa de bell of a ghentilmon you ave not no business with. Be gar, me ave one good mind to make you cutta de caper!'

Another voice which I learnt proceeded from a Scotch dentist, uttered with no less vehemence, in a dialect of his country, 'De'el split your wem, mon! if I get near you, I'll eradicate some of your masticaters for you!'

A smart looking girl, whose demeanour bespoke her a member of the frail sisterhood, and who I found occupied the *first floor*, had reached the door before any of the others, and opened it to me. She dropped a courtesy, and put on an alluring smile. But hearing that my visit was not to her, and being prevented by the appearance of the other lodgers from making it so, she withdrew in a pet. But as she turned round to retire to her apartment, she found her passage obstructed by those who were about her; upon which she cried out, 'Pray good folks, let me pass!—It is I who have most reason to complain of the man's impertinence, which has obliged me, who am a first floor lodger, to make one amongst such creatures!'

'Marry come up!' said a woman meanly dressed, 'Good folks, indeed!—Tho' I am but a washerwomen, and live in the front garret, yet I think myself as good as you, Ma'am,—I'd have you to know, Ma'am, that I am a wife and an honest woman! And for all you lodge now, Ma'am, in a first floor, Ma'am, and I in an upper room, yet I shall have an habitation over my head when such vermin as you, Ma'am, are obliged to lie in the street, Ma'am.'

The disgraceful appellation made use of by the washerwomen arousing the ire of the courtesan, for even the most abandoned cannot bear to be stigmatized, she turned round as she was reascending the stairs, and with a cer-

tain compression of her lips bedewed her opponent's face in a manner not altogether conformable to the rules of politeness. This was not to be borne. The lady of the fuds, flew like a tygres at the lady of the first floor, and instantly disrobing her of her French night cap, tore away with it several of those ringlets, some natural, some artificial, which had been the means of seducing many a spruce apprentice.

A fierce encounter now ensued, which, though not conducted with the skill and dexterity it probably would have been by a Mendoza and an Humphries at Covent garden theatre, was however well maintained, for a few minutes, by both combatants.

The French dancing master who had been frequently observed to come out of the courtesan's apartment, in consequence of his being engaged to give her now and then a lesson, could not behold his fair scholar attacked thus rudely without interfering; and notwithstanding the national dislike he had to boxing, he still could not help, on the present occasion, tapping the shoulder of the pretty impure, and now and then warding off a blow meditated by her stronger adversary.

This being observed by the Scottish dentist, who considered the Frenchman as his rival in the lady's good graces, he laid hold of so favorable an opportunity to avenge himself; and, without any ceremony, lent him such a box in the ear as made him reel again. The dancing master in his own defence fell aboard the dentist, tooth and nail, and the confusion now became general. Nothing sure could exceed the satisfaction I felt at seeing the breeze I had thus kicked up among the Misses, Mr's and Mrs's of the mansion, have its due effect. I laughed till my sides ached, and pleasure became almost a pain.

My enjoyment of this diverting scene was, however, of no very long continuance; for the honest Hibernian, contrary to the natural propensity of the lower ranks of his countrymen, used his utmost endeavours to extinguish the flame I had kindled, and to put an end to the affray; telling the fair combatants, 'that black eyes and bloody noses were but ugly beauty spots,'

spots, he therefore advised them to give over; and when he had succeeded in this, he turned their attention to me, as the cause of that strife and confusion which had taken place, and consequently the proper object of their resentment. Finding things thus in a train for accommodation, I thought it prudent to slip away, and pulling the door after me, took to my heels; and yet so predominant was my turn for *fun*, that notwithstanding I knew that I ran a risk of being well bastinadoed from the least delay, I could

not help having another pull at the bells, and thundering once more at the knocker before I decamped.

You may be sure I was not long in getting out of the street. An adjacent alley luckily presented itself, down which I ran with no little celerity, as I heard the pack I had roused in full cry after me, with the tall Irishman at their head. Nor did I abate my speed till I arrived at Peck's, when I congratulated myself on having escaped so well the consequences of my frolick.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PHILANTHROPIST. No. XXII.

HEADS of FAMILIES in a STATION of the highest IMPORTANCE.

Art thou a parent—hast thou a family? Consider thyself as a Patriarch, as a Priest, as a Prince, and act worthily.

IT is the province of the politician to promote population by devising means for the easy support of families, and the encouragement of early marriages; it is the part of the moralist to inculcate the necessity of those families being under good regulation and instruction; that with the encrease of children and citizens, there may be the encrease of knowledge, virtue and good order, and not of ignorance, vice and confusion. However important it may be to a nation to have the number of its subjects or citizens continually multiplying, it must be of greater importance that those multiplied subjects be so trained up as to add, not merely to the number, but to the tranquillity, strength and safety of the nation, and to the general aggregate of happiness; which they cannot do, unless they be early accustomed to sobriety and industry. Numbers of idle and abandoned inhabitants are a disgrace and detriment; a corrupting, debilitating disorder in the body politic—an encrease of sinful men to augment the fierce anger of the Lord.

The great head of the social system has constituted a kind of natural subordination among human beings, entrusting one to the care of another; and particularly hath he fixed the relation of parents and children, and interwoven in their natures that pa-

rental concern and that filial reverence, which are a natural foundation and incitement, and a divine intimation and encouragement, for parents to exert themselves to promote the well being of their children. It is evidently the plan of Providence that parents should form their children to a love of virtue and goodness, and restrain them in their tender years from those practices which would make them the bane of society in this world, and suitable companions for the accursed in the next.

Much of the service we owe both to God and man, lies in our concern with our families, in our carriage towards them and care of them. This is the theater on which by far the greatest number principally act. Within their own houses both their business and their influence are chiefly confined. But the whole community will feel the effects of their fidelity or unfaithfulness, as every large community is made up of families. Important, therefore, in a variety of views, is the station in which heads of families are placed. Inconsiderate and vain minds, who look not to the consequences of their actions, nor give themselves the trouble to enquire after duty or propriety of conduct in any relation or condition of life, may think it a matter of triv-

al moment, if not of humour and diversion, to be placed in a married state and at the head of a family. But all who have steadiness and sense enough to look forward and judge, and all who have been any time in the state, are convinced that the duties, the cares, the difficulties, and the anxieties of married people, are multiplied and pressing. The duties which are incumbent on persons while under the care of their parents, or while single, are not few nor trifling. And it would be happy for themselves, for their friends, and for the world, if these duties were properly attended to and performed. But young people are too apt to be inconsiderate and thoughtless, and to neglect the duties of the single state; and much less disposed than they ought to be, to deliberate and weigh the perplexing cares and difficult duties of any higher station before they enter upon it, or to enquire whether they have prudence and wisdom, resolution and fortitude, virtue and grace, to go through them. When persons enter the connubial state, and become heads of families, their cares and duties are doubled. And though their comforts and joys and aids may be doubled too, as they will be if their dispositions and qualifications are suited to the state, yet it requires a much greater degree of attention and exertion and prudent management, to discharge the duties and secure the advantages of this new station, than they have heretofore had occasion to exercise.

What a charge—what a weight of duty and concern, do persons take upon themselves, when they enter into a family state! In what an important sphere do they act! And is not this the reason why we have so many prayerless houses, so many irregular families, so many disorderly and profligate youth, viz. because such members become heads of families unqualified and indisposed to perform the duties of the station? They do not, as is requisite, deliberate beforehand; they do not, as sensible of the greatness of the undertaking, ask counsel of heaven; they do not, by any religious consecration or exercise, prepare the way

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to receive the divine benediction. And having entered unthinking and unprepared on the important state, they find themselves embarrassed with new and unforeseen duties, difficulties, and cares, which they have neither wisdom, nor resolution, nor virtue, to go through. Setting out in this manner, there is danger of their keeping on so, and nothing planned or executed with reference to the divine superintendency; their children uneducated and unblest, and the interests of private and social virtue unregarded in the family.

The importance of the station in which heads of families are placed, and the weight of obligations and cares which lies upon them, appear and arise, not so much from their being obliged to exercise a great deal of thoughtfulness and industry to guide their affairs with discretion, to acquire a comfortable support, and to make a decent figure, though this is considerable; but from the obligation they are under to exercise such a prudent inspection and steady government over their houses, as to render all under their care, virtuous, honourable and useful. What a pity, that any should enter a sphere of so much importance to children, to parents, to the publick, and to posterity, without being prepared and determined to move steadily and honourably in it, and to discharge the duties of it! What a pity, that any who have entered it, should be negligent and unfaithful! How desirable and requisite is it, that all the members of the body politick should keep their stations, perform their respective duties, and exercise a care one for another; that every office in towns, churches and commonwealths, should be filled with persons of ability, virtue and integrity! The most ready way to this, is for heads of families to be skilful and faithful in their station. For families are the nurseries from which both church and state are to be supplied with members, instructors and examples. And, therefore, the more faithful and diligent parents are in bringing up their children, the more will both church and state be benefited and adorned.

How

How delightful is it to every Philanthropist, to look around and forward, and see the children of a community growing up under the forming hands and examples of their parents and instructors, with habits of industry, sobriety and virtue; making wise choices with regard to their companions and pursuits in life; keeping themselves unspotted from the world; and when settling in families, carrying their virtuous habits along with

them, walking in their houses with perfect hearts, and thus making glad the city of our God! The way to realize this goodly prospect, and to avoid the reverse, is to adopt and execute the well known and often recited resolution of *Josbua*. Certainly, in the neglect of family religion, instruction and government, we can have no comfortable prospect for ourselves or our children, with regard to time or eternity.

REMARKS on the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[By NOAH WEBSTER, jun. Esquire.]

(Continued from page 555.)

IN vulgar speech, the word *got* answers a great variety of purposes; a man has *got* a horse; has *got* his house done; has *got* his leg broke; has *got* his wheat to reap; has *got* to go to work; a boy has *got* to get his lesson, or has *got* his lesson to get; in short if I attempt to mention a thousandth part of the ways by which this poor *got* is abused, I should have a task indeed. Let any farmer who comes from his field and sits down to read this paper, ask himself whether it is not quite as easy to say *he has a horse*, as to say, he has *got* a horse, and easier to say, *he must go*, than to say, he has *got* to go. Let me ask whether it does not sound better to say, "he must get a cart," than to say, "he has *got* to get a cart?" If he should think this a matter of no consequence, I can only lose my labour of writing—no harm will be done.

Again; it is a custom with our modest country people to ask questions thus; "You don't want any corn, do you; you have not any rum to sell, have you; you don't want to buy veal, do you?" Newengland people are much laughed at, for this singular practice; and indeed it is ridiculous. Let me ask our market people why it is not just as easy to ask a question decently and directly at once; *do you want to buy veal* or *will you buy corn*? One would think it best to finish the business directly and handsomely.

And here let me suggest to my countrymen a little more decision in an-

swering questions. If I ask a man a civil question, I want a direct answer: I want no roundabout indirect answers, such as, *I don't much care if I do*; *I don't know but I will*; *I can't tell whether I will or not*. There may be cases when such an indecisive answer is necessary; but if I ask a man to eat or drink, or take a ride with me, I want no such answers as "Why, I don't much care if I do."

How many are there left? said I to a man standing by me; *ne'er a one*, replied he. *Ne'er a one, ne'er a one*, said I; this is not English. *Never a one, never a one*; this is Irish or Scotch, it certainly is not English. So when I ask a man, how many horse he keeps, he tells me, he keeps *never a one*. This is odd indeed! But when he says *he has none*, this is plain intelligible English.

I began these remarks with a single view to serve my countrymen, and when I am convinced by the candid and judicious, that this purpose will not be answered, I shall cease writing. Words are the vehicles of ideas, and men seldom speak or write with clearness, unless they understand with some precision, the distinctions in the signification of words. I have taken some pains to collect the most common inaccuracies of speaking, both in the northern and southern states. Some are peculiar to the northern, some to the southern, and some common to all. My remarks are designed particularly for these northern states.*

In

* For the peculiarities of speaking in the southern and middle states, see my *Dissertations on the English Language*.

In the use of the words *likely* and *ugly*, the northern people differ from the southern, and men never experience the inconvenience of the difference, until they travel and associate with their southern brethren. In these northern states, the body of the people use *likely* as synonymous with ingenious, sensible, friendly, &c. and *ugly* as synonymous with illtempered, mean, or villanous. This remark holds good generally, tho there may be exceptions. But *likely*, when predicated of things or events, signifies *probable*, and when of persons, signifies merely *handsome*; *ugly* signifies merely *deformed*, void of beauty or offensive to the sight. A *likely* man is merely a *handsome* or *pleasing* man; an *ugly* one, is a deformed man, or one destitute of that symmetry of parts which constitutes beauty. The application of these words to the good and bad qualities of the *mind*, is a gross blunder in our common practice. I was once in company in Philadelphia, where the conversation turned upon a Gentleman of great merit and amiable manners, whose person was very homely. In the course of the conversation I remarked that "he was a very *likely* man." A Gentleman present begged leave to differ from me; he thought him a man of great merit and good sense, but very *ugly*. I was struck with the difference in the ideas we had annexed to the word *likely*; I felt a little mortified, altho I could not blame myself for having used the word as I had learnt to use it in this state. But our practice is wrong, it exposes us to be misunderstood by people of other states, it exposes us to observation and ridicule; and when I was abroad, I wished very often for the benefit of remarks similar to these I am now publishing. The man who thinks these things beneath his notice certainly wants experience, probably candor.

To enforce the necessity of attending to these things, trifling as they may appear, it may be remarked that a false pronunciation of the Newengland people lessens their respectability and influence among their neighbours. Our members in Congress have sometimes suffered by this trifling circumstance. A Newenglandman falls into company with a number of southern gentle-

men; in conversation he suffers an awkward expression or a drawling pronunciation to escape him; immediately the company smile, or if politeness restrains them in his presence, they reserve the laugh until he is gone; this little circumstance takes off their attention from his merit, it makes an impression unfavorable to his respectability, for men connect the ideas of education with rank and preferment, and propriety with education. A man who has made such unfavorable impressions on the minds of strangers, at his first interview, will not remove them but by discovering a singular degree of merit, in a subsequent acquaintance. I do not publish these remarks at random; I have been an eye witness to the truth of them in a multitude of instances.

The long drawling pronunciation of the termination *ive* in such words as *motive*, *productive*, has furnished our brethren with a fund of derision. The true pronunciation is *motiv*, *productiv*, and so the words ought to be spelt. The final *e* was not in the original, and it was added without authority; the addition is not warranted by the genius of our orthography, and the true pronunciation forbids it. The French word *motif*, &c. should have been anglicized by simply changing the *f* into a *v*. The *e* was not added in Chaucer's time, at least not generally; the later writers had no right to add it; on the other hand, they corrupted the language by it, and introduced a false pronunciation; a pronunciation which destroys the proper accent or quantity of syllables, so that a line of poetry cannot be justly read with this pronunciation. Thus a false spelling has produced a false accent, which injures our language, and often exposes our Newengland people to derision. I wish to correct this error; I generally write these words *motiv*, *instructiv*; I do it from principle and from a respect to my countrymen; I am warranted by the rules of the language and restore it to its original purity. I sincerely wish my countrymen to lay aside singularities which are not founded on propriety, and no man who has experienced the ill effects of them, will censure me for the attempt.

(To be continued.)

You

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

You are requested, by a COMMITTEE of the GRAND LODGE, to publish in your Magazine the following ADDRESS.

Boston, Oct. 15, 1790.

An ADDRESS to the ANCIENT and HONOURABLE SOCIETY of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, delivered at CONCERT HALL, in BOSTON, on the FESTIVAL of SAINT JOHN the BAPTIST, June 24, Anno Dom. 1790, and submitted to the MASSACHUSETT GRAND LODGE, at their particular request, by JOSIAH BARTLETT, Esquire.

Ours are the Plans of Policy and Peace, to live like Brothers, and conjunctive all embellish Life.—THOMPSON.

MY RESPECTED BRETHREN,

TO open the volume of antiquity, and trace the progress of MASONRY, through the successive ages of the world—to mark the enterprising spirit which distinguished our illustrious progenitors, and consider their gradual advancement in the *liberal* and *mechanick* arts, will always afford us the sublimest pleasure, and impress our minds with the most exalted sentiments of that beneficent *architect*, who has furnished us with extensive capacities, and the power of communicating happiness.

What but *social principles* could have constituted the felicity of primeval man? and without *these*, would he not have been equally happy, whether doomed, forlorn and forsaken, to traverse the inhospitable forest, or permitted to enjoy the uninterrupted sweets of paradise?

What, “but the *genius* of masonry,” enabled the pious family of Noah, “to save a devoted world?” Supported by a reliance on the divine favour, they cheerfully obeyed the extraordinary command, and, having escaped the sad catastrophe, they offered the genuine effusions of gratitude for their great deliverance, and received the sacred benediction.

What but the “*masonick* talent of conversing without the use of speech,” mitigated the miseries of the sons of men, when deprived of the power of utterance, for an impious attempt to reach heaven with the memorable tower of *Babel*, they, by a supreme command, were expelled the fruitful plains of *Shinar*, to suffer the novel and complicated inconveniencies of a general dispersion.

What but an active cultivation of *geometrick* and *social* inquiry, produced

the various improvements that distinguish succeeding history, to the days of Solomon? who, with unequalled wisdom, pursued the grand design of his illustrious father; and, by a firm adherence to those immutable decrees, which are the *strength* of masonick union, astonished an admiring world with magnificence and beauty.

And what, my brethren, but the happy influence of our noble *science*, has occasioned its universal spread, and supported its variegated progress from the rising to the setting sun?

Unable, as we are, to ascertain with accuracy the history of *masonry*, from the infancy of Massachusetts, when we view its flourishing state in Europe, at that important period of enterprise, when we consider the rapid emigration from our parent country, and the necessity of mutual aid and support under the most incredible hardships and dangers: And when we mention the freedom, fervency and zeal, which marked the progressive steps of our venerable ancestors, the grand principles of the *craft* are so conspicuously illustrated, as to contradict any conjectures which arise from the want of authentick records.

It appears from the best information we are able to collect, that in about a century after the arrival of the first settlers at Plymouth, a provincial grand master was appointed by the grand master* of England; and that several flourishing lodges were commissioned by him and his successors, till our political separation from the British empire.

In the year of masonry 5755, a number of brethren who had travelled, and many of whom were initiated into the *mysteries* of the *craft* in foreign countries,

* Of modern masons.

tries, became emulous to cultivate the royal art, under the patronage of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the prayer of their petition being granted, they received a dispensation, dated November 30, 1756, constituting them a regular body of *ancient masons*, under the title and designation of *Saint Andrew's Lodge*.

The beneficial effects of this exertion, were soon experienced by the admission of many worthy and ingenious *craftsmen*, who, with a laudable emulation to extend its usefulness, in conjunction with three travelling lodges*, then held within the province, effected the establishment of a *Grand Lodge*†, by a commission, bearing date May 30, 1769, from the *Grand Master* of Scotland, to our late worthy and *Most Worshipful Brother*, the Hon. JOSEPH WARREN, Esq. whose authority was extended by an appointment of March 3, 1772, throughout the continent of America. New lodges were now frequently erected, publick charges were given, and all ancient customs and usages were invariably observed.

The political events of the year 1775, produced important changes in the state of masonry. These were no other than the heroick death of the *Grand Master*, on the celebrated heights of Charlestown, and a temporary dispersion of the grand officers, who, soon after the evacuation of Boston by the British army, on the following year, influenced by a pious regard to the merits and memory of their departed patron, were induced to make search for his body, which was rudely and indiscriminately buried on the field of slaughter. They accordingly repaired to the *brow* of the hill, and by the direction of a person who had been on the ground about the time of his burial, a spot was found, where the earth had been recently turned up, and was distinguished by a small *cluster of sprigs*. Having removed the turf and opened the grave, the

remains were easily ascertained‡, and being decently raised, were conveyed to the state house in this metropolis, whence, on the 8th of April, 1776, after every mark of respect, and the just tribute of patriotick and affectionate applause, they were committed to the silent tomb; "but as the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men, his fame, his glorious actions, are deposited in universal remembrance," and will be transmitted to the latest ages.

How to assemble the *Grand Lodge* with regularity, was now made a serious question, as the commission of the *Grand Master* had died with him, and the deputy had no power independent of his nomination and appointment. Communications for the consideration of this subject, were held at different times, till the 8th of March, 1777, when, experiencing the necessity of preserving an intercourse of the brethren, and the want of a proper establishment, to soften the rigours of an active and distressing war, they proceeded to the formation of an *Independent Grand Lodge*, with "powers and prerogatives, to be exercised on principles consistent with, and subordinate to, the regulations pointed out in the *constitutions of ancient masonry*." And our late worthy and *Most Worshipful Brother*, JOSEPH WEBB, Esq. whose amiable deportment and fidelity in the duties of his important office, now claim our grateful remembrance, was duly elected *Grand Master*, and proceeded to install his officers, and organize the *Grand Lodge*§.

The flourishing state of the craft will be readily acknowledged, when we consider that no less than fifteen lodges were erected from this time to the festival of Saint John the Evangelist, 1783, when our *Most Worshipful Brother*, JOHN WARREN, Esq. whose brilliant qualifications are too well known, and too universally acknowledged, to need encomiums, was placed in the chair of Solomon.

It

* In the regiments of British troops.

† A *Grand Lodge* consists of the *Masters* and *Wardens* (or their representatives) for the time being, of the lodges within its jurisdiction. And the standing members are present and pass *Grand Masters*, *Deputy Grand Masters*, and *Grand Wardens*.

‡ By means of an artificial tooth.

§ A general Communication is holden in Boston, on the first *Thursdays* of March, June, September and December, and the *Grand Officers*, being elected at the meeting in June, are installed on the festival of Saint John the Baptist.

It was about this period, when the Grand Lodge, "warranted in their proceedings, by the practice of ancient masons, in all ages of the world," after the most serious deliberation, proceeded to pass resolutions, explanatory of its title, authority, and jurisdiction, which, with its laws and regulations, were engrafted into the constitutions, and ordered to be transmitted to other grand lodges, requesting such correspondence from time to time, as would promote a friendly intercourse, and advance the happiness of the craft universal.

In March, 1784, a communication was received from the brethren of Saint Andrew's Lodge, expressive of their inclination to retain their charter from the registry of Scotland, and withdraw from the control of the grand lodge. The members of this society had become very numerous, and a difference of opinion, with regard to an acknowledgment of this jurisdiction, having for some time prevailed, they at length determined to accommodate themselves, by a division of the lodge; and accordingly those brethren who seceded, continued to assemble under a commission granted to Saint Andrew's lodge, (while their European charter was retained by one of the original petitioners* to the Grand Lodge of Scotland) until the September following; when they received a dispensation, under the title of the *Rising States' Lodge*, with their former rank in the Grand Lodge.†

In the summer of 1785, a general convention of representatives from the different lodges, which had been erected since the year 1769, was held by the approbation of the grand master, to consider the state of masonry throughout the commonwealth. A candid discussion served to strengthen and cement the authority of the Grand Lodge, and the result was harmony, beneficence and good will.

The next material event, was the festival of June 24, 1788, when our

respected and *Most Worshipful Brother*, MOSES M. HAYES, whose extensive knowledge in the mysteries of the craft had justly excited our attention, was duly elected and installed Grand Master; and who, by a steady perseverance in the various duties of his exalted station, has secured our affection and esteem. May he still continue a burning and a shining light around the *masonick altar*. And may the animated example of those, who have so nobly reared this illustrious fabric, produce in us a laudable emulation to support its influence, by a constant cultivation of those kind offices of humanity, which will convince the world, "that the *main pillar of masonry* is the love of mankind."

We will not shade the pleasures of this auspicious anniversary, by reciting the peculiar disadvantages that have arisen, from the admission and depravity of unworthy *Brethren*, for the same unhappy fate has attended every other society of men. And nothing but vigilance and care in the erection of new lodges, accompanied with the greatest caution in our choice of candidates, can obliterate the pernicious effects.

The *secrets of Free Masonry* have often excited the jealousy, as well as the curiosity of the world. And hawk eyed Envy, with her baneful attendants, Calumny and Detraction, have neglected no opportunity to spread their destructive influence; but let us remember the words of wisdom—"He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame, and he that rebuketh a wicked man getteth himself a blot."

What, my brethren, are the doctrines and precepts of our benevolent institution. Are they not so plain, and so easily understood, as to require neither the aid of logick, or the force of eloquence?

Such then being our professed advantages, we ought, in our respective stations, to inculcate those sentiments which tend to rectify the heart, inform the

* The late *Rev. Brother* WILLIAM BURECK, who was very tenacious with regard to the *foreign jurisdiction*. This gentleman served with reputation in different offices for several years, and died at an advanced age, in 1786.

† *Saint Andrew's Lodge*, No. 82, of the Registry of Scotland, now hold their regular meetings at the *Free Masons' Arms*, in Boston, on the second *Thursday* in each month, and frequently receive visitors from the other lodges. Their present master is the *Rev. Brother* SAMUEL MOORE.

the mind, and promote the moral and social duties of peace, decency and good order in the world. To cherish the grand principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. To contribute our aid, in support of the government by which we are protected. And to exer-

cise that godlike charity, which consists in giving of our abundance to the relief of the necessitous, and wiping the tear of sorrow from the disconsolate eye.

'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe,
For what man gives, the gods on him be-
flow. POPE.

THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

WE term Sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresses death, for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself: Themistocles, therefore, who slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner. 'Tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented. I wonder the fancy of Lucan or Seneca did not discover it.* It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily. A death which Adam died before his mortality: A death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world; and take a farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart, not thou, great God! away.

Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light:
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day but thee.

Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples centry keep.
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open, while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infect
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I to sleep my soul advance,
Make me sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; oh! make me try
By sleeping what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
In my grave as on my bed.
How'er I rest, great God! let me
Awake again, at least, with thee;
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

[Brown's Religio Medici.]

* For Nero gave each the choice his manner of dying.

WONDERFUL THOUGHTS.

[By the Rev. REST KNIFE, of Edinburgh.]

STRANGE as it may seem, there was a time before all times; when there was no day, but the "ancient of days;" no good, but God; no light, but the "father of lights;" when arts were but ideas; the heavens, a book in folio; the earth, one in quarto; and men and angels but capital letters in the margin of God's thought!

The more David meditates on man, the more he admires; the more he admires, the more he asks; the more he asks, the greater his task; till mirror is changed into terror, and every glance into a trance.

The body of man is the soul's cas-

tle, the mouth is the entrance, the lips are a double leaved door, the teeth a portcullis or ivory gate, the tongue is the porter at the gate of that lofty tower. Man may be viewed as a microcosm, or little world. A resemblance appears between the liver and the ocean; the veins and the lesser rivers, the breath and the air; our natural heat and the warmth of the air; our radical moisture and the fatness of the earth; our knowledge and the light; our eyes and the two great luminaries. The beauty of youth is like the flower of the spring; the thoughts of our minds are like the motions of angels; our four complexions resemble

resemble the four elements ; and our seven ages the seven planets. What was man in rule and dominion ? He was emperor of the whole earth, admiral of the whole sea, the heir of Eden, and peer of Paradise. Take him in another view, and his life is a mere farce, or comick tragedy. The prologue is delivered within the curtains of the womb ; the prolepsis in his birth and cradle ; the epifasis in his mirth and gaiety ; death is the catastrophe ; the grave his ward robe. His length is but a span, his strength is grass, his beauty glass ; his thoughts are dreams, his body is a shadow, his flesh but a vapour, his glory a taper, which begins as a bubble, continues like a blaze, and ends with a blast.

Grammar teaches us to speak the language of our own confusion. The first part contains the true orthography of our cares ; the commas, colons, and periods of our passions. The second part unfolds (our *casuum discrimina*;) a thousand diversities of dangers ; accidents varied with di-

vers cases ; with genders of sorrow, engendering numberless declensions of that which is good. The third part displays the misconstruing of charity, in not concurring with equals, not governing inferiours, or not yielding to the government of superiours. The last part of grammar is, an accenting of griefs, by several pricks in the flesh : And a scanning of things upon the fingers of reason, to tickle the ear of fancy. What is rhetoric ? Each trope is a translation from purity to corruption ; each climax climbs up by degrees of renewed grief ; each auxesis augments, and each hyperbole makes up the height of human hardship. What is logic ? An art of reasoning to inform reason of the loss of reason. Each predicament is a ladder of human frailty, declaring the substance of our body of death, the quantity and quality of our sin, showing where, when, and how every sin was committed ; demonstrating by causes, and proving by induction the sinner's destruction.

The B A B L E R. No. XII.

On the dangerous Inattention which Ladies testify to the Morals of their Lovers ; with an Extract from the celebrated Sermons to Young Women, by Dr. Fordyce.

THERE is a sentiment in Mr. Coleman's comedy of the Jealous Wife, with which I am not a little pleased, as it is no less an indication of a benevolent heart than a sound understanding. Harriet reproaching young Oakley an account of his extraordinary attachment to the bottle ; the lover, sensibly struck with the justice of the reproof, exclaims, that were all ladies alike attentive to the morals of their admirers, a libertine would be an uncommon character.

Indeed if we take but ever so slight a view of the sexes, we shall find the behaviour of the one to depend so entirely upon the opinion of the other, that was either to set about a reformation, the amendment of both would be easily effected, and those virtues would be immediately cultivated through the prevalence of fashion, which neither the force of conviction, the dread of temporary misfortune, nor the terrors of ever-

lasting misery, are now sufficient to steal upon our practice, even while they engage our veneration.

As the ladies in general are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than the men ; it often surprises me, that they do not endeavour to look those vices out of countenance among our sex, which are so frequently fatal to their own tranquillity. A man, through the establishment of custom, considers it as infamous to marry a prostitute, to connect himself with a drunkard, or to pay his addresses to a woman whose lips are continually fraught with indecency or execration ; though accustomed himself to the midnight excesses of the stew, yet when he fixes for life, he enquires into the character of his mistress, and prosecutes his suit in proportion as she is eminent for her virtues. Her follies he readily laughs at, but overlooks by no means the smallest want of reputation. Whereas the lady, though

though bred up all her life in the strictest delicacy, expresses no repugnance whatsoever to venture with the most publick betrayer of innocence, the most open enemy of mankind, and the most daring defier of his God. Nay, unless he has been in some measure remarkable for the number and blackness of his vices, she holds him in contempt, and sets him down as an absolute idiot, if he is not intimately conversant with every thing that can either lessen him as a christian, or degrade him as a man.

What, however, is most extraordinary on these occasions, is the facility with which a father usually contracts his daughter to a libertine; as if because custom did not involve her in the infamy of his character, his habitual propensity to vice must not necessarily endanger her happiness. For my own part, I am shocked when I see a parent less regardful of a daughter's felicity, than attentive to the welfare of a son. Is there a father who would persuade his son into a marriage with a prostitute professed? I hope not; why then is his daughter so relentlessly sacrificed to a libertine? Is there not as much danger for the one to be miserable with her husband, as the other to be wretched with his wife? And since the natural claim to paternal indulgence is equal between each, must it not be highly inequitable to treat the first with such an excess of unmerited partiality? I am insensibly led into this subject from a perusal of some sermons, addressed to *young women*, which have lately made their appearance, and were yesterday put into my hands by my bookseller. Who the author is I know not, but he deserves the greatest encomiums, for the perspicuity of his style, and the energy of his arguments; he is elegant without levity, and pious without affectation. In one of his discourses, where *female virtue* is the object of consideration, he gives so admirable a lesson to the sex on account of this unhappy approbation with which the very best women so frequently honour a profligate lover, that I cannot but transcribe it for the benefit of my amiable readers.

"How common is it to see young
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ladies, who pass for women of reputation, admitting into their company in publick places, and that with visible tokens of civility and pleasure, men, whom the moment before they saw herding with creatures of infamous name!—Gracious God, what a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, character, decorum! what an insult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! what a palpable encouragement to vice and dishonour! what a desperate pulling down, in appearance, and with their own hands, of the only partition that divides them from the most profligate of their sex! between the bold and the abandoned woman there may still remain, notwithstanding such behaviour, a distinction in the world's eye; but we scruple not to declare, that religion, purity, delicacy, make none.

"To return from this digression, if it be one, we will allow it possible to put cases wherein no particular rules of discovery, no determinate modes of judgment, will enable a young woman, by her own unassisted skill, to discern the dangers that lie in her way. But can a young woman be justly excused, or can she fairly excuse herself, if where all is at stake, she calls not in the joint aid of wise suspicion, friendly counsel, and grave experience, together with prayers for God's protection more than ordinarily fervent.

"But, methinks, I heard some of you ask with an air of earnest curiosity, Do not reformed rakes then make the best of husbands? I am sorry for the question, I am doubly sorry, whenever it is started by a virtuous woman. I will not wound the ear of modesty by drawing minutely the character of a rake: But give me leave to answer your enquiry, by asking a question or two in my turn. In the first place, we will suppose a man of this character actually reformed, so far as to treat the woman he marries with every mark of tenderness, esteem, fidelity; and that he gives up for ever his old companions, at least as to any chosen intimacy, or preference of their company to hers. We grant it possible; we rejoice when it happens. It is certainly

certainly the best atonement that can be made for his former conduct. But now let me ask you, or rather let me desire you to ask your own hearts, without any regard to the opinions of the world, which is most desirable on the score of sentiment, on the score of that respect which you owe to yourselves, to your friends, to your sex, to order, rectitude, and honour; the pure unexhausted affection of a man who has not by intemperance and debauchery corrupted his principles, impaired his constitution, enslaved himself to appetite, submitted to share with the vilest and meanest of mankind the mercenary embraces of harlots, contributed to embolden guilt, to harden vice, to render the retreat from a life of scandal and misery more hopeless; who never laid snares for beauty, never betrayed the innocence that trusted him, never abandoned any fond creature to want and despair, never hurt the reputation of a woman, never disturbed the peace of families, or defied the laws of his country, or set at nought the prohibition of his God;—which, I say, is most desirable, the affection of such a man, or that of him who has probably done all this, who has certainly done a great part of it, and who has nothing now to offer you, but the shattered remains of his health, and of his heart? How any of you may feel on this subject, I cannot say. But if, judging as a man, I believed, what I have often heard,

that the generality of women would prefer the latter, I know not any thing that could sink them so low in my esteem.

That he who has been formerly a rake may after all prove a tolerable good husband, as the world goes, I have said already that I do not dispute. But I would ask, in the next place, is this commonly to be expected? Is there no danger that such a man will be tempted by the power of long habit to return to his old ways; or that the insatiable love of variety, which he has indulged so freely, will some time or other lead him astray from the finest woman in the world? Will not the very idea of restraint, which he could never brook while single, make him only the more impatient of it when married? Will he have the better opinion of his wife's virtue, that he has conversed chiefly with women who had none, and with men amongst whom it was a favourite system, that the sex are all alike? But it is a painful topic. Let the women who are so connected make the best of their condition; and let us go on to something else."

The scanty limits of my paper will not allow me to make as large an extract from this benevolent writer as I could wish. But I am the more easy on that account, as I dare say the generality of my readers, from the foregoing little specimen, will look upon his works as a very valuable addition to their libraries.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The R I V U L E T. No. VII.

Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.—BACON.

THIS precept may with equal justice be applied to time, as to money, for we are as culpable with regard to the one, as we are negligent with respect to the other; and as we are seldom profuse of large sums, while smaller are squandered away, so we seldom neglect large portions of time, while smaller slip heedlessly through our hands. In the first instance, we seem to forget that paltry pence are the constituent parts of a pound; in the latter, that trivial

minutes are the constituent parts of an hour. This maxim, as applied to money, incurred the reprehension of *Lord Chesterfield*, but this second application, I apprehend, would escape censure; in the former case, extreme economy might degenerate into avarice, but in the latter, who would blame even the parsimony of time? Money spent may indeed be recovered and replaced, but with regard to time, we draw upon our principal; what here is remitted, diminishes

ishes the bank, and is irrevocably gone. Seeing then, we have but a small stock to improve, is it not advisable, to set the highest value upon it, and to place it at the highest interest? *Rem, quocunque modo, rem* as applied to time is certainly laudable. Time too, like property, is continually fluctuating, and we seem to be rather the *media* through which it passes, than the place where it remains. *Ovid*, seems impressed with a high sense of its fugitive nature, when he says,

Time, like a stream which hastens from the shore,
Flies to an ocean, where 'tis known no
All must be swallowed in this endless deep,
And motion rest in universal sleep.—D.

The awkward intervals of life, when there is no assignment of a set exercise, hang heaviest upon our hands, and as individually considered, they appear small, we unwillingly let them slip away, not considering that in the aggregate, they swell to a large amount. So while the larger gaps and chasms of life are filled up, these supernumerary moments, these little interstices of time, are left open. In almost every instance, this disposition of neglecting the lesser, though not always the less useful, takes place; we may trace it even in childhood, where we hunt after the most crabbed words, and spell them with the nicest precision, while the more necessary, and those which more usually occur, are ill spelt. Mr.——, of my acquaintance, has carried this with him, almost through life, and to this hour never spells the word *believe*, without being guilty of a kind of hypallage.

Pliny, in his excursions either of walking or hunting, used to carry a pocket volume with him, to exercise the mind with the body: Convinced that *Minerva*, as well as *Diana*, was an inhabitant of the woods. The *Earl of Chesterfield*, too, who had a high idea of the value of time, that the least particle might not fall to the ground, recommends a custom equally to the purpose. Not, but that a continued tension requires a relaxation, but the moments allotted to recreation, should be few and varied, lest reiterated indulgences, and a reg-

ular recurrence, form the habit. But here as in every other thing, there is a *Charybdis* as well as a *Scylla*; and many, avoiding this fault, run into the opposite extreme, and endeavour to study the whole time with unintermitted application; let them however remember the *dog* in the fable, nor grasp at too much. These wights delve away from morning till night, and twelve upon the *brazen register of time*, hardly sounds a *ne plus ultra* to their nocturnal occupation. One would as soon think of performing a journey, without making the proper stages, as to travel, (often post haste too,) through authors, without allowing the jaded mind a proper respite. The hasty traveller, can perhaps tell you only how many miles he has rode, the literary one, merely how many books he has read. In this respect, as in many others, the mind is analagous to the body; for as the food of the body must be properly assimilated and incorporated with the mass, or as physicians term it, *animalized*; so that of the mind, must be properly digested, and as it were, *mentalized*. But these plodders, surfeiting the mind by an *intemperance* of application, do not suffer it to concoct what it receives; this crude knowledge must certainly break out in ill humors.

Balbutiofus is one of those valiant wights who kill time in this daring manner, and is wrapt up whole nights in musing, as *Dennis* was in criticism. In the morning he appears, with a cadaverous paleness of face, bloodless, quivering lips, his eyes just glimmering in their sockets; his debilitated mind intoxicated by last night's literary debauch. The ideas he gains in this manner, are so imperfectly attained, that if they do not vanish with the morning light, they settle like noxious mists over the mind, undissipated by the rising sun; if they do recur, they swim before the memory, faint, confused, and discoloured, like objects seen at a distance, through a concave or convex lens. His head is like a shop which has received an importation of goods, and there is no room for the bales, one thing is piled upon another, every thing is out of place, topsy turvey;

turvey ; there never can be said to be an *assortment*. So it is with my friend *Balbutiosus*, his memory over stocked with images, (when he *attempts* to talk,) is continually upon the rack, to catch up some truant idea ; in this chace, another occurs, he takes that, or perhaps dismembers both, and as the renowned *Peter* sweetly singeth, "*catches ideas by the legs and wings*." This mangled piece of work, renders his conversation almost unintelligible ; one or two words aright, may enable us *sometimes* to *guess* at the sense. Some however turn away upon their heels, and, as J—— last week, wonder what the devil the fellow's driving at ? In fact, he keeps his knowledge principally to himself, so that his head may be compared to the ocean, where rivers empty themselves, but never return.

See where

Pale study by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,

Sits reading, but with o'er charg'd head,
Remembers nothing that he read.

CHURCHILL.

Many spend their nights in plunder, and in the pillage of authors ; gleaning metaphors, and collating similies, to enrich their labored performances, and to assist their costly brains. But this is like *putting new wine into old bottles* ; it is making mere patchwork of composition ; embroidering woollen with lace, and setting spangles upon towcloth. It is indeed a pity, that no law in the *republic of letters*, should be found, to prevent this sacrilegious robbery of the dead ; why *plagiarism*, should not be accounted *felony*, and why *book-breaking*, should not be as amenable to laws literary, as *housebreaking* to laws civil ? Shakespeare says,

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep searched with saucy
looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others books.—E.

LETTER from the ABBÉ DE FENELON TO LOUIS XIV.

Translation of the draught of a Letter of the Abbé de Fenelon to Louis XIV. to whom it was presented by M. le D. de B. The King, so far from shewing any displeasure to the Abbé on this account, afterwards appointed him Preceptor to the Princes his Grand Children. The draught is in the hand writing of the Abbé de Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray.*

THE person, Sire, who takes the liberty of addressing this letter to you, is lost to the power of worldly motives. He writes neither from ambition, nor a desire to meddle with the great affairs of state. He loves you without being known to you, and regards you as the representative of God. With all your power, you can confer on him no benefit of which he is desirous ; and there is no evil which he will not cheerfully undergo to make you acquainted with the truths necessary to your welfare.—Be not astonished if he speaks with boldness : Truth is by nature free and bold. You have been little ac-

customed to hear it. Persons habituated to flattery easily regard as the effect of chagrin, asperity and excess, what is nothing more than the naked truth. To shew it you in a degree short of its whole extent, would be to betray it.—God is his witness that the person who addresses you, does it with a heart full of zeal, respect, fidelity and tenderness for whatever regards your true interest.

You were born, Sire, with an upright and honest heart ; but those who had the care of your education, have taught you to consider the art of government as consisting merely of pride, distrust, jealousy, a depression

* This circumstance cannot be true. It appears from the following letter that it was written after the death of M. de Louvois, that is, in 1691 at soonest : But Fenelon was preceptor in 1689. It is apparent also from the letter itself that it was not written later than 1695, in which year M. de Harlai, Archbishop of Paris died.—The original of this letter which we have seen, is all in the hand writing of Fenelon, with corrections, which prove that he was the author of it. We doubt whether it was presented to the King, at least by the D. de B. who was not upon the best terms at court.

of virtue, a fear of eminent merit, a taste for supple and cringing characters, and a regard only to your own interest.

During about thirty years your principal ministers have shaken all the ancient maxims of the state, in order to raise your authority to the highest pitch, an authority which is become their own, because it is placed in their own hands. We no longer hear of the state or of the laws; but only of the king and his good pleasure. They have stretched without bounds your revenues and expenses. They have exalted you to the skies, for having, as is said, effaced the greatness of all your predecessors together; that is, for having impoverished all France to introduce a monstrous and incurable luxury into the court. They have desired to elevate you upon the ruins of all ranks in the state, as if you could be great by ruining your subjects on whom your greatness depends.—It is true that you have been jealous of authority, perhaps too much so respecting mere exteriors; but in reality, each minister has been complete master in his separate department. You have thought that you held the government in your own hands, because you marked the limits to be observed among your ministers. But they have clearly proved their power to the publick, who have too fully experienced its effects. They have been severe, haughty, unjust, violent and faithless; and have observed no other rule in the internal affairs of the state or in foreign negotiations, than to menace, crush and annihilate whatever opposed them. They have never spoken to you, but with a view of removing from your presence all merit which might give them umbrage. They have accustomed you to extravagant praises, amounting almost to idolatry, and which for your own honour you ought to have rejected with indignation. They have rendered your name odious, and the French nation insupportable to every neighbouring power: They have preserved no allies, because they wished all to be slaves. For more than twenty years they have been the

authors of bloody wars. They induced your Majesty for instance to enter into a war with Holland in 1672, for the sake of your glory, and to punish the Dutch who had employed a little raillery, when mortified by the infringement of the commercial laws established by the Comte de Richlieu: I mention this war in particular, because it was the source of all the rest. It had no other foundation than a motive of glory and revenge, which can never render a war just. It follows from hence that all the frontiers which you extended by this war, were in the origin unjustly acquired. It is true, Sire, that subsequent treaties of peace seem to cover and repair this injustice, as they ceded the places that were conquered; but an unjust war does not become less unjust by being successful. The treaties of peace which the vanquished sign, are not signed freely. They sign them while the sword is at their throats; they sign them in spite of themselves, in order to avoid greater losses; they sign them as we give a purse to a robber, when it is necessary either to give it or to be murdered. It is therefore necessary, Sire, to ascend to the origin of this war with Holland, in order to examine before God the basis of all your conquests.

It is in vain to alledge that this war was necessary to your kingdom: The property of another can never be necessary to you: All that is really necessary is to observe exact justice.—It is a vain pretence also that you have a right to retain certain places, because they tend to the security of your frontiers. This security ought to be sought by good alliances, by your moderation, or by fortifying the adjoining places. In short, the necessity of providing for our safety can never give us a title to the territory of our neighbour. Consult upon this subject persons skilled in legal concerns; they will tell you that what I have advanced is clear as the day.

Enough, Sire, has been said to convince you that your whole life has been spent out of the road of truth and justice, and consequently of the gospel.

gospel. The many terrible calamities which have desolated all Europe for more than twenty years, the blood spilled, the scandal incurred, the provinces ravaged, the towns and villages reduced to ashes, are the fatal consequences of the war of 1672, undertaken for your glory, and to confound the makers of medallions and gazettes in Holland. Examine impartially and in the company of honest men, whether you can keep places possessed in consequence of treaties to which your enemies have been reduced by this ill founded war.

Every calamity which France has since experienced is in truth owing to this war. You have always wished to dictate peace as a master; and to prescribe conditions, instead of regulating them with equity and moderation. It is for this reason that peace has been of short duration. Your enemies shamefully oppressed, have had no other disposition than to rise and unite themselves against you. Is this to be wondered at?—You have not continued faithful to the conditions even of this peace, which you dictated with so much haughtiness. At a time of profound tranquillity you have made war and gained immense conquests. You have established a chamber of reunions, which made you at once a judge and party; adding insult and derision to usurpation and violence.—You looked for ambiguous terms in the treaty of Westphalia, in order to surprize Strasburg. During a long course of years not one of your ministers had dared to hint in any negociation, that by that treaty you had the smallest pretensions upon the town.—This conduct has combined and excited all Europe against you. Those even who have not dared openly to declare themselves, at least impatiently wish for your downfal and humiliation, as the only security for their liberty and for the peace of Christian nations. You, Sire, who might have acquired so much solid and peaceable glory, by being the father of your subjects, and the arbiter of neighbouring powers, have been made to become their common enemy, and to be held in your own kingdom as a severe master.

The strangest effect of these bad counsels is the stability of the league formed against you. The allied powers prefer carrying on the war with loss, to the making peace with you; because they are convinced from their personal experience, that it would not be a true peace; that you would observe it no better than in former instances; and that you would take advantage from it easily to oppress each neighbour separately, as soon as they should be disunited.—Thus the more victorious you have been, the more they feared you, and united themselves the more closely to escape the slavery which they conceived threatened them. Not being able to conquer you, they pretend at least that by perseverance they shall exhaust you. In short, they expect no safety from you till they have reduced you to an incapacity of injuring them.—Put yourself, Sire, for a moment in their place, and see what it is to have preferred personal interest to justice and good faith.

In the meantime your people whom you ought to love as your children, and who have hitherto felt so strong an affection for you, are dying of hunger. The cultivation of the country is almost wholly abandoned; the towns and villages are depopulated; every species of trade is decayed, and no longer supports those who work in it; commerce is annihilated.—You have consequently destroyed one half of the real internal strength of your kingdom, to gain and maintain futile conquests abroad. Instead of draining money from this impoverished people, it was necessary to give them alms and food. The whole kingdom of France is become a great hospital, desolate, and without provisions. The magistrates are degraded, and the nobility against whom judgements have been obtained, live only by protections.—You are importuned by crouds who demand and who murmur. It is you yourself, Sire, who have created all these embarrassments; for the whole kingdom being ruined, you have every thing in your hands, and none can live but by your benefactions.—Such, Sire, is this great kingdom; such is
its

its prosperity under a king who is every day painted as the delight of his people, and who would be so in

reality, if the counsels of sycophants had not poisoned him.

(To be continued.)

STORY of an IMPERIAL MINISTER at CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE ceremony of exposing the sacred standard of the prophet Mahomet, by carrying it in grand procession through the principal streets of Constantinople, previous to its being transported to the camp, is a solemnity held in the highest veneration by the Turks, and so sacred, that they will not permit any persons, of any rank or religion whatever, except Mussulmen, to behold it: For which reason, three days before the day of the procession, heralds are sent to proclaim in every street of Constantinople, that on such a day the standard of the prophet will be carried through the city, on its way to the army, and that no persons, not of the Mahometan religion, are to be in the streets through which it passes, or looking out into them from any houses, under the pain of death, in case of disobedience. Notwithstanding this absolute prohibition, the Imperial minister, unmindful of his publick character, which should have made him more delicate than a private person upon such an occasion, was persuaded to gratify the curiosity of his wife and his two daughters, who were determined to see this grand procession. For this purpose, he agreed for a chamber in the house of a Moulah, situated in one of the streets through which it was to pass; the price was fixed at fifty piastres; but, two days before the solemnity was to take place, the minister found out a more convenient apartment at an inferior price, which he immediately took, and relinquished the first. The Moulah in vain represented that Europeans generally keep their words, but more especially publick ministers; he was refused every kind of satisfaction, and was dismissed with taunts, the minister well knowing that no tribunal would dare to proceed against him, and that though the order of the Moulahs have the most powerful interest with the government, yet their

dread of offending his royal master was superiour to every other consideration. The Moulah submitted, in appearance, without murmuring at his hard lot, but he secretly meditated vengeance, and only waited a proper opportunity to gratify this darling passion in the breast of a Turk.

In the very moment, then, that the holy standard was passing through the street in which the ambassador, his lady, and two daughters, had taken a chamber, and as it approached the house, from a window of which, half opened, they were looking at the splendid show, the Moulah set up a loud cry, that the holy standard was profaned by the eyes of infidels, who were regarding it through the latticed window of such a house. The multitude, which was immense, as all the orders of the people attend the solemnity, instantly took the alarm, and a party, consisting of near three hundred enraged Janissaries, detached themselves from the procession, and broke open the door of the house, determined to sacrifice to the prophet those daring infidels, who had profaned his holy standard. The imprudent minister, in vain represented to them that he was the Imperial ambassador, he was instantly knocked down, and the inner doors being forced, they found the ambassadors, whom they stripped of her jewels and clothes, and nothing but her age protected her from further insults. As for the young ladies, they had fallen senseless upon the floor in a swoon, from which they were only recovered by the extreme torture of having their earrings torn from them with such violence, that part of their ears went with them. They were likewise stripped almost naked. Nor did the Janissaries retire, till they had plundered them. In the evening this deplorable family were secretly conveyed to Galata.

As soon as the Grand Vizir received information

information of the horrid outrage committed on the person of the ambassador and the ladies, he communicated it to the Grand Signor, who condescended, though the ambassador was so much in the wrong, to send him compliments of condolence and excuse in his own name, accompanied with a rich pelice, which is a distinguishing token of peace in Turkey; and as his Sublime Highness knew that the minister loved money, a very handsome sum was sent to him privately, and separate purses to the ladies, besides jewels far superiour to those the Janissaries had taken from them. Having received such ample indemnification, the whole family seemed perfectly satisfied, and the young ladies being recovered from their fright, related the adventure to their Christian friends, in a manner that did no great honour to their modesty.

Had the piece finished with this act, all would have been well; but, unfortunately, the Divan thought something was due to publick decorum, and that an example of severity was requisite in point of policy, that other foreign ministers might be assured of the safety of their persons and property. The strictest search was, therefore, made, to discover the individuals who were guilty of the particular personal

insults and indignities to the ambassador, and to the ladies, but without effect: But the heads of 300 persons, Janissaries and others concerned in the riot, were cut off, and information of this bloody execution was sent to the ambassador, with a request to know if it would satisfy him: To which he replied, that so far as respected his own person and his family he was content; but that having sent dispatches to Vienna upon the subject, he could say no more till the answer arrived. The courier impatiently expected on both sides at length arrived, and brought such an answer as might well be expected from so discerning and equitable a prince as the Emperor. It contained no complaints against the Porte, for there were none to make; but an order of recal to the minister, couched in terms that struck him to the heart, for he instantly fell sick, and either died by his own hands, or a natural death, in a few days. His wife and daughters soon after returned in a private manner to Vienna, where the story of the young ladies had arrived long before them, and represented in such a light to the Empress Dowager, who was still living, and absorbed in devout exercises, that they were ordered to retire to a convent, as parlour boarders, for the remainder of their days.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The S C R A P I A D. No. X.

Great events originate in trifling causes.

A BEARD was esteemed formerly in France as a badge of liberty, and the people were not a little proud of wearing it long, and of curling it to render it ornamental. The monks and friars, who affected to despise the little vanities of the world, took it into their heads to shave their beards. The then bishop of Roan, taking it extremely ill that the laity did not follow so pious an example, began to preach against beards in the pulpit; and by degrees worked himself to so high a pitch of opposition, that he excommunicated all those of his diocese who would not consent to be shaved.

Hereupon the *bigots*, indeed, soon permitted themselves to be trimmed. But the more worldly minded, accustomed to join the idea of privilege to that of their beards, conceived their liberties and property at stake, and, like *true patriots*, went to loggerheads, and had their brains beaten out in defence of the hairs on their chin. The commotion grew so general, and its consequences so dangerous, that Louis VII, found himself necessitated to take part with the clergy, and have his own beard taken off, to bring smooth chins into fashion at court, and by that means overcome the prejudices of the populace.

Anecdote

Anecdote of the celebrated John Dennis.

THIS gentleman, in the year 1704, was the author of a tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, which was acted with great success, and as he imagined contained such severe strokes upon the French nation, that they would never be forgiven, and consequently that Louis XIVth would not consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up a sacrifice to national resentment. Nay, so far did he carry this apprehension, that when the Congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited on the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries, that they should not acquiesce to his being given up. The Duke, however, told him with great gravity, that he was sorry he could not serve him, as he had no influence over any of the ministry, but added, that he had taken no care to get *himself* excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he had certainly done the French *no less* damage than Mr. Dennis.

Common Fame

AMUSES people with what does not concern them, and her reports are generally void of foundation; she marries and buries numbers without even their permission or knowledge; raises vast armies and equips mighty fleets without a single farthing of expense to the potentate for whose service they are intended; fights bloody battles, and leaves thousands slain on the field, who are nevertheless in good

health; takes and lays in ashes provinces and cities that never existed: all these things, and many others of the like nature, she is doing continually. If you believe her, she will persuade you that you are entirely ignorant of your own concerns; and your neighbours are by her made acquainted with many things you do and intend doing, which you yourself never had either intention or power to accomplish. This is *common Fame*.

The She Wedding. From the Harleian MSS.

IN the year 1684, a girl at Deptford proving pregnant by a sailor, applied to his mother, after he had embarked, and avowed that she was his wife, in order to obtain some help. This the old lady did not choose to believe, unless the certificate was produced. The girl, reduced to an unexpected dilemma, consulted with a female neighbour of a masculine make, between whom it was agreed that a sham marriage should take place, which was solemnized at St. George's church, Southwark, and the clerk being bribed, antedated the certificate six months, which making the supposed mother in law easy, the wench received all the favour such an alliance entitled her to. But, O grief of griefs! the two females being overheard calling each other by the names of husband and wife, it created a suspicion, and upon examination the cheat appearing plain, the parson complained to the civil power, and both were committed to goal.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY REVIEW of NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Bloomsgrave Family. 2 vols. 12mo. price 10s.

(Continued from page 498.)

LEAVING Osander to prosecute those studies, which lay the foundation of usefulness in active life, the attention of the ladies must be profitably directed, in tracing the amiable Rozella, from her teens, to womanhood. Few authors, of the male sex, have ever treated *this last best gift of Heaven*, with so much candour: His sentiments on their dignity and

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importance in society, are ably supported by sound reasoning; and, we trust that no female reader can lay down these volumes, without sincerely complimenting the Doctor, by an honest acknowledgment, "Thou hast taught me to reverence myself."

Many of our fashionable mothers, who as yet are in the trammels of frivolity, and whose daughters imbibe a consequent

consequent portion of maternal follies, would render essential service to themselves and their country, to the destined husbands of their offspring, and the generations now unborn, by carefully perusing, and sedulously adopting, the sentiments and practice of Mrs. Bloomsgrove.

"The object Mrs. Bloomsgrove had principally in view, in the education of her daughter, was to make it proper for her sex; to inspire her with the love of those occupations which are their peculiar province; to instruct her in that modest unassuming air, which best becomes her sex; and to make her acquainted with those things which will make her the most useful and happy in life."

"Her own house is the place for a lady to shine in. The showy accomplishments will appear advantageously abroad; but domestick qualities, like the *robe de chambre*, are of constant use: without these, a lady must make an awkward figure at home, however graceful she may appear abroad.—She may grace an assembly room, but do no honour to herself at the head of a table. Her parlour may appear neat and in order, but her kitchen like that of a flattern. Her own dress may be a proper assemblage of materials to adorn her person, but the education of her children a reproach to her domestick character.

"I consider, said Mrs. Bloomsgrove to a friend, who had observed to her, that he could not see the necessity there was for her daughter to labour—I consider, that among the events which may attend her in future days, poverty is a possible event. Should any unforeseen occurrence render it inevitable, she will now be prepared for the worst, and provided with a remedy. If the sun of prosperity should still shine upon her, as in meridian splendor, this will be useful to her; she will be a better wife, a better mistress, and a better woman, in every view, in every relation."

"At the age of twelve, Rozella had become acquainted with several branches of cookery, understood the compositions and proportion of pastry, and even before that period she could assist her mamma in doing the honours

of the table. This made her ambitious to rise above childish toys. At that age she was intrusted with the inspection of some parts of the house; with the adjustment of the parlour for the reception of company; and the care of the lodging rooms.

"The time which was spent in domestick occupations, was far from being lost in the view of a polished education. It rather facilitates than impedes progress in knowledge and polite literature; it furnishes many opportunities for putting into practice the useful parts of knowledge, and of practising many civilities which become easy and graceful by use only. Another advantage flowing from those domestick exercises is, it prevents too great a degree of effeminacy, and inures to a little hardiness, which is requisite for other reasons than the preservation of the health. The delicate and effeminate manner in which many females are fostered when young, destroys their health, deprives them of the power of enjoying life, and entails on posterity enervated constitutions."

The Reverend author has very sensibly exposed the fatal consequences of over rating mere external beauty, and idolizing those adventitious ornaments which generally attend upon the proud goddesses. The charms of a Cleopatra, the graces of a Helen, are deserving of less respect, than virtue in the commonest garb has a right to claim. Deformity itself, accompanied by Minerva, is superiour to Venus.

"Mere external beauty is of little worth, and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation. I would not be understood to despise or even undervalue beauty. Where it is the gift of nature, we ought to value and cherish it as we should all her other gifts. But if the possessor spends her mornings at the toilet, and under the hands of the friseur; and her evenings in company, to display the additional beauty she derives from adventitious ornaments, her mind will be neglected, while her heart is corrupted by flattery, and poisoned by vanity. They who live only to display a pretty face and a fine dress, can scarcely
be

be ranked above an insensible statue, or a pretty image. A head without understanding will always appear contemptible, whether it be covered with a cap or a wig. A female who plumes herself on her beauty, is in great danger of having her temper soured, by the apprehension of slights and neglects with which she meets. One instance of this will cancel a thousand flatteries of professed admirers. The repetition of them irritates the spirits; and the mind, being awake to the least appearance of inattention, is so often in a ferment, that sourness of temper is the consequence. Sickliness, fears, false delicacies, pride, affectation, and weakness of nerves, are incidents not uncommon to females of this stamp. Finding themselves admired without saying or doing any thing worthy of notice, they save themselves the trouble of acquiring any valuable accomplishments. A taste for reading, and a habit of thinking, would be too much trouble for them. But beauty is a rose that soon withers. With the loss of that, they loose the power of pleasing others, and what is still worse, possess not the power of pleasing themselves."

The Doctor's sentiments upon affectation of every kind, may be perused with advantage, by readers of both sexes; for it is not the fair alone who are censurable for this foible. Much of it is discoverable in almost every circle: and wherever any persons pretend to be what they are not, the mask of ungenerous deception ought to be stripped off; and their own picture exhibited to the mirror of conscience, that they may learn not to deceive themselves and the world around them.

"All attempts to please by an appearance, or by manners, which do not properly belong to us, are not only lost, but become the occasion of raillery and contempt. Whoever seeks admiration and applause by means of affectation, acts as wise a part as the female, who, seeking after beauty, destroys her real complexion and her health by artificial paints. I have seen ladies at publick places, of the most exquisite features, render themselves perfectly ridiculous by a

conceited and affected air, a simpering smile, or a general air of disdain. Those ladies who might, by a modest and truly female behaviour, have commanded universal admiration, became the disgust of the company, and the subject of ridicule in every company afterwards.

"Affectation is that in manners, which hypocrisy is in religion—an attempt to impose on others by an appearance of qualities which we do not possess. We cannot pay ourselves a worse compliment than by affectation; it is a tacit acknowledgment that we ought to be what we are. Like a mask it may conceal our face, but it is still known to be a false face. However common affectation may be, there is no failing more generally detested, because it is used to hide all the other failings, and to display perfections to which we have no claim.

"This is a folly incident to youth, but not confined to that age. It is generally worn off by age, and by an acquaintance with the world. It is always disgusting, not only because unnatural, but because it indicates a trifling vanity of mind. It usually arises from a fondness to imitate some one who is admired for superiour accomplishments. But it is blind and undiscerning, and adopts the infirmities and defects of the person admired, as readily as the beauties and the graces."

Affectation in sentiment and conduct, more especially among females, frequently results from reading what are called sentimental books. The trifling herd of modern novelists are happily characterized; the injuries which they do to the moral interests of society, strongly shown; and a course of reading infinitely more advantageous laid down. Columbia! happy will thy daughters be, when the generality of picturesque romances shall be forever hid from their eyes. They vitiate the mind, they corrupt the heart.

"Another thing which has a tendency to lessen the excellence of the female character, and render the minds of young ladies empty and vain, is the books they read, and the manner in which they spend their time. Nothing

ing can have a worse effect on the mind of the fair sex, than the free use of those writings which are the offspring of modern novelists. Their only tendency is to excite romantick notions, while they keep the mind void of ideas, and the heart destitute of sentiment. They create a false taste without balancing the account by the weight of information and judgment. I do not mean to intimate that all books bearing the denomination of novels and plays, are of the above description: there are many works of imagination, and of entertainment, which are the most agreeable vehicles of pure and excellent instruction. But the common herd of both these kinds of writing, serve to corrupt the heart, while they prevent improvements in useful knowledge; and yet what a proportion of that agreeable part of life, from twelve to twenty years of age, do many girls devote to this kind of amusement. It is amusement, only as it serves to waste the time insensibly. The female mind being left thus vacant, or filled with trifling and romantick ideas, it is not at all strange that the conversation partakes of the same. The other sex laughs at the weakness of ours on this account, "In order to please the ladies, they say they are obliged to trifle:" and this

reflection appears but too well founded, when we observe how much better reception the empty skull, cringing fop, who can talk an hour without saying any thing to purpose, meets among females of this stamp, than the gentleman whose head is enriched with useful knowledge, and whose heart is formed by virtuous principles. This is as great a reflection as can be cast upon the female sex, and degrades their character in the minds of all persons whose esteem is worth enjoying.

"Books written with a view to convey instruction through the channel of the imagination, are not only harmless and agreeable, but useful and improving to the young mind. These I would recommend as being proper to accompany the more solid parts of learning. The world abounds with works of this kind, where the enlightened authors display genius, and a thorough knowledge of the world. With fine sensibilities, and an extensive view of men and manners, they address the heart with simplicity and chasteness, in a variety of images, where the likeness is caught warm from the life. Sentiment is united with character, and the beautiful portrait presented to the mind."

(The remainder is unavoidably omitted till next month.)

Poems, Dramatick and Miscellaneous, by Mrs. M. Warren, 12mo. price 6s.

(Continued from page 563.)

THE second Tragedy, in this volume of elegant poetry, is entitled the *Ladies of Castile*. The Fable is taken from an ancient story in the annals of Spain, at a period when the nobly struggled for liberty, and endeavoured to ward off those galling fetters which the despotism of absolute monarchs finally rivetted. As Mrs. Warren judiciously remarks, "the history of Charles the fifth, the tyranny of his successors, and the exertions of the Spanish Cortes, will ever be interesting to an American ear, so long as they triumph in their independence, pride themselves in the principles that instigated their patriots, and glory in the characters of their heroes, whose valour completed a revolution that will be the wonder of ages." *Don Juan*

de Padilla, commander of the republican troops, and *Donna Maria*, his wife, most deeply interest the feelings: their sentiments so perfectly correspond with the language of the western world; their conduct is so admirably in unison with our own, upon a recent occasion, that we hail them as citizens of this rising empire, and can scarcely credit their having existence at an earlier moment than 1775. *Don Velasco* and the *Conde Haro*, his son, the first commanding in chief the royal forces; the second acting under an inexorable father, are placed in many exquisitely affecting situations, which result from political animosities, and opposite rencontres. The tender scenes between *Don Francis* and *Louisa*, will ever claim a tear from sensibility; they

they are finely penciled, and it is with poignant regret, that we resign the lovely pair to a tragical death.

As our limits will not admit of copious extracts, we omit the melting eloquence of love, which every Tragedy furnishes a quantum of, and present the reader with the 3th Scene of the 3d Act, where *Donna Maria* shines forth a wife—a heroine confest.

ACT III.—SCENE V.

Shouts of victory, hurry and confusion.—

DONNA MARIA, *sola*.

MARIA.

THE clarion roars and scatter'd parties fly,

Confusion, tumult, hurry, and dismay,
O'erspread each guilty face.

What mean the rumours that assail my ear? [the field!—

Throw down their arms—as cowards fly
Could the brave Cortes thus forsake their lord?—

My throbbing heart augurs a thousand ills,
That shake my frame and terrify my soul,
As if I saw their new flown ghosts advance,
Just reeking from the carnage of the field;
Yet feel within a manly force of mind
Urging to deeds heroick and sublime,
Which but to name, one half my timid sex
Would fall the victims of their own despair.

I scorn the feeble soul that cannot brave,
With magnanimity, the storms of life.
Then why disturb'd with these ill omen'd
fears?—

Yet what am I, if my Padilla falls?—

Ah! if the dastard citizens have fled—
Just anger'd heaven surely has decreed
That on the point of Charles's conquering
sword, [die.

Each vestige of their ancient rights should
I'll wander down to yonder darksome grove,
(And prostrate fall before th' eternal king,
Who holds his empire o'er a jarring world,
Makes peace and freedom smile at his command,

Or the fell tyrant's suffer'd to succeed,
To chain the will, or manacle the mind;)
There will I calm my agitated breast,
Dry off those tears, which, starting, have
betray'd

The soften'd weakness of a female mind.

Enter SOCIA.

SOCIA.

Fly, dearest lady—save thyself and son—
And let the faithful Socia guard thy steps.

MARIA.

Is all then lost—and is Don Juan slain?—
Tell the whole tale, and set my soul on fire,
Ere yet it freeze with agony and doubt.

SOCIA.

Haste, my dear mistress—fly these cruel
scenes
Of murder, rapine, perfidy and blood.
The routed troops, with hasty frighted steps,
All backward tread, nor could Don Juan's
zeal,

His valour, virtue, fortitude or fame,
Subdue their fears and rally them again,
Nor damp the ardour of the hot pursuit.

MARIA.

And does he live to glut their barb'rous
rage?

Or did some seraph catch the hero's breath,
His latest sigh to see his country free,
And gently waft his kindred soul away?

SOCIA.

Our foes may boast that victory was theirs;
But royal ranks lie weltering on the plain
Where Juan's blood has mark'd the glorious
spot.

Yet loose no time, for hither hastes a guard
To seize and drag to Conde Haro's tent,
The wife and infant of my much lov'd lord.

MARIA.

Alas! my child, my son, my darling boy!
The fairest virtues beam in his young eye;
Each dawning grace fits blooming on his
cheek,

And speaks him heir of all his father's fame.
Shall he, an orphan on the world be toss'd,
And lose his name among a group of slaves?
Forbid it, heaven!—a mother's fears
Shall not disarm my heart.

SOCIA.

I thought the strength of thy superiour
mind [do.

'Could nobly brave the worst that fate could

MARIA.

It shall—come, lead me on—

To my Padilla's tomb—
His clay cold corpse I'll bathe in streams of
blood, [grave.

Drawn from his foes, and sprinkled o'er his
The cypress gloom, in dark fix'd shades
shall bow,

And weeping willows drop a silent tear,
'Till rolling years see the last sands run out
When wither'd Time throws down his use-
less glass,

And shrouds beneath eternity's big orb.

SOCIA.

If thou would'st be more wretched than
thy lord, [son.

Then weep and linger—thoughtless of thy

MARIA.

Go, bring him hither—rob'd in funeral
pomp—

Attended by my retinue and guards;
I will not fly—Toledo yet is strong:
Maria ne'er will drag a wretched life,
To wail Don Juan's fate in vulgar grief:
Nor yet in slavery meet a lingering death,
Beneath a tyrant's foot.

I will avenge my lord—
Though the rough surges in loud tempests
roar, [clouds—

'Till the rude billows meet the lowering
I never will despair, till my soul flies
And mixes with the bold exalted shades,

The stern brow'd spirits of the feudal
lords— [the skies,

Who now bend down, and frowning from
Chide back their dastard sons to take the
field,

Bravely to fight—to conquer or to die.

SOCIA.

SOCIA.

My heart misgives—I fear thy rash resolve,

Yet I obey. [Exit SOCIA.]

MARIA.

Ye powers who sit in judgment o'er the world,
Or ye malignant fiends who blast our hopes,

Grant Charles's restless soul may be condemn'd

With Sisyphus to roll in endless pain,
Up the Tartarean hill—the load of empire—
That envy'd bauble which mankind adore;
Then drag him down, successfully to weep,
This shadow hunted long in human blood.

[To be concluded next month.]

The B O U Q U E T.

AT a late Court of Common Pleas in this Commonwealth, the defendant said, that if he lost the case he would appeal to the Supreme, and from there to the Federal Court, and from there to Heaven. Certainly then, replied a gentleman, you will be defaulted, not being present to answer yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there.

WHEN Mr. L——, was discharged from the pastoral care of his church; &c. an old lady, who was very fond of him, in attempting to offer consolation, addressed him as follows: “Ah! Mr. L——, they may say what they will, but I think as I always did, I think you a good man, ah! indeed a good man, not equal to *Christ*, but full equal to *Antichrist*.”

MR. M. went to see his neighbour who was ill, and asked him several questions, which the other, who was taken suddenly speechless, could not answer. This highly offended the visitor, who, rising in a rage, told him, “*That please God he would be sick himself soon, and he might wait long enough for an answer.*”

The Second Solomon.

AMISERLY cook saw a poor fellow leaning on his shop window, and inhaling the various effluvia of hot pies. He ordered him to be gone. That I will, says the beggar, but thank you, master, for my good dinner. Upon this the cook stopped him, and demanded payment in full tale. Disputes ran high; they agreed to leave it to the first man who came along. This happened to be the *city fool*. He heard both parties with attention, and

adjudged the beggar to rattle payment in the cook's ear, by jingling the price of a dinner, as the *sound* of money, and the *smell* of victuals, were equal.

DR. B—— had a happy faculty of playing upon words. Once he gave orders for a *Turkey pye* to be made, which his two servants, *Janny* and *Sary* eat up. The Doctor enquiring for it, and being informed of the event, turned round to the company at table, and observed, that every *Janny-Sary* was a *Turkey pye-rate*.

AGENTLEMAN, singularly attached to long beards, sent his son, about six years old, from table, as not being man enough to dine with company. Little master accordingly had a side board to himself, whence a cat frequently attempted to dislodge his victuals. Do puffy, says the young wag, go dine with papa, your beard is long enough.

DEAN Swift made application to Dr. Sharp for a valuable living, which was in his gift. The Bishop, who frequently had said, that he scarcely suspected Swift of being a Christian, asked him with a supercilious tone, “Pray Sir, how many commandments are there?” The Dean, very coolly, answered, “Eleven.” Well, says the bishop, preach before me from the eleventh commandment tomorrow, and the living is yours. Swift accordingly mounted the pulpit, and very audibly recited the ten commandments; and then added, “A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.”

SEAT



SEAT of the MUSES.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
The LAST DAY of OCTOBER.

VOCAL songsters of the grove,
Trilling airs of tender love,
Quit, oh quit the leafy spray,
Tune your notes to warmer day.

Lambkins, bounding o'er the lawn,
At sober eve, or frolick morn,
Changed is nature's beauteous scene,
Hasten from the faded green.

Insects, swarming buoyant air,
Sporting here, and flitting there,
Seek a happier shelter soon,
Now begins the tempest moon.

Little fry, the pool that skim,
Have you learnt afar to swim?
If you're caught in pond or lake,
Can you bars of iron break?

Frost, and snow, and rattling hail,
Freezes, covers, piles the vale:
Roaring howls the mad'ning storm,
Nature's children, are ye warm?

Yes, methinks the bird replies,
I have flown to vernal skies;
Fields of rice and stores of grain,
Wait me on the southern plain.

Whither has the lambkin sped,
Is he living, is he dead?
See, in yonder cot he stands,
Feeding from Adelia's hands.

Where is ev'ry insect gone?
Sure they're not a distance borne;
No! oh no, behold them dwell,
Safe, secure, in thick lin'd shell.

Who has hous'd the finny fry?
What secretes them from mine eye?
Deep they've plung'd beneath the mud,
Warm as beaver's hut of wood.

Since 'tis thus—no matter when,
Fierce November bursts his den;
Let him prow—or let him roam,
Heav'n provides for all a home.

BELINDA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
S T A N Z A S.
Addressed to a Lady on the DEATH of her Son.

GAY blooms the flower of gentle spring,
When fann'd by Zephyr's kindergale;
And wafted on her airy wing,
Its sweetest fragrance fills the vale.

But should untimely killing frost
Blast the soft bud or nip the flower,
Its tints of beauty all are lost,
Nor bloom around the sylvan bower.

Frail, mortal life, resembles this,
Where fortune smiling crowns the day,
Each hour is joy, each moment bliss,
And gloomy sorrow flies away.

But lo! misfortune's train draws nigh,
See poverty and anxious care,
Force the big tear from sorrow's eye,
And swell the moan of sad despair.

Ah, mournful guest, unwelcome here!
Why dost thou rack a mother's breast?
Oh, cease to cloud the gloomy year,
Relinquish her troubled soul to rest!

Alas, she mourns a lovely son!
In morn of life his virtues bloom'd,
Science was proud to call her own
What ruthless death has now entomb'd!

Cease, lovely mourner, to complain!
But sleeps the object of thy love,
By virtue wafted, he shall reign,
And taste the paradise above.

MARCIA.

Boston, October 21st, 1790.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
T R I A L of CONSTANCY.

O P P R E S S ' D with care, as late I sat
Beneath a willow's shade;
To balmy sleep I paid my court;
But ah! the cruel maid.

Ye Gods! I cry'd, why thus unkind,
Why does my Delia frown?
Where now are fled those happy hours
That erst with love were crown'd.

Suffus'd with tears, my grief swollen eye
I dry'd, then tun'd my reed;
While dol'rous strains those notes supply'd
That us'd to glad the shade.

Zephyrus heard my mournful plaint,
And breath'd a softer gale;
T' a shade were Delia lay conceal'd
He bore the plaintive tale.

The nymph, exulting, heard the sound!
And cry'd, "my Strephon's true!
No more I'll envy Emma's love;
Ye jealous cares adieu."

CELEON.

An

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AN AUTUMNAL PASTORAL; OR, LOVE REWARDED.

BENEATH the shade a mournful shepherd sat, [his face.
And thus in plaintive strains bemoan'd
"No more ye fields, no more ye shady groves,
Shall ye reecho *Damon's* hapless loves!
No more, on yonder fallow hedge, where
[the trees,
Once in soft murmurs whisper'd thro'
No more, shall they repose their golden store,
For *Delia* visits these sad plains no more!
Pollio, to thy fond arms has the resign'd
Her virgin charms, her soft endearing mind!
Of such rich gifts in endless joy possesst,
Your life must be and is completely blest.
Oh, may the charming *Delia*, find in *these*
That tender love she might have found in me!
Oh, had the fates but granted me your lot,
Then halcyon days should bless my rural cot!
Yet ne'er shall envy to your joys aspire,
For envy must your happiness admire.

"Reason, thou faint resemblance of divine,
Altho' thy rays thro' man's dark bosom
shine,

To purify the soul with mental light,
And bid each feeling riot in delight,
Yet ne'er canst thou from long attachments
wean [queen!

The mind, where sits enthron'd the Cyprian
Weak, impotent thy power, how vain thy
tongue [strong!

To sooth the passions, by indulgence
In vain you plead that absence can destroy
The dear delusions of our dearest joy!

To my fond eyes endear'd, I still can trace
My *Delia's* form; in fancy's arms embrace,
Along the fields as silent currents glide,
And swell with secret founts the rolling tide.

Thus all my thoughts to *Delia's* features
rove,

And raise still high'r the soft flame of love.

"When first misfortune seiz'd upon my mind
And love with frowns to every woe con-
sign'd, [just torn,

My bleeding heart, from its dear ob-
In dark despair's bleak vale was doom'd to
mourn.

My breast a chasm sustains, of her bereft,
Impervious horror fills what *Delia* left.
Her features shone in graceful dignity,
She smil'd on all; love thought she smil'd on
me.

But cease my woe! life is not so serene,
That clouds ne'er cast a gloom upon the
scene;

To taint the purest cup of bliss below,
Vile jealousy entinctures love with woe.

"Must I with *Delia* then forever part?
Cease, cruel thoughts, no more distract my
heart! [strain,

Ye harmless flocks, who oft have heard my
And listening, seen with tears your shep-
herd's pain;

Ye distant hills, that now resound my lay;
Forget, how *Damon's* pipe was wont to play!

Ye gloomy woods, where oft at *Delia's* name;
Lions have ceas'd to prowl and wolves grew
tame;

Where *Philomela* chang'd her tender note,
In *Delia's* praise to tune her warbling throat;
No more, shall ye hear *Damon* on the lawn
Reecho *Delia* to the rising morn!

Ye silent groves, retirement's gentle reign,
Whose drooping heads now sympathize my
pain, [shall rise,

When *Delia* with fragrant feet on earth
Catch the soft dew drop, trickling from her
eyes, [kept,

This pledge, within your tender foliage
Shall tell my *Delia*, how her *Damon* wept!
But ah, forbear! why should I cause a deed,
Which sure will make her tender bosom bleed.

Retire! and in the grotto of despair
Vent all thy anguish, all thy misery there!
Thy tale of woe near *Delia's* dwelling cease,
Her kind compassion must destroy her peace.

Be silent then, my pipe; ye groves, ye
woods, [ing floods,

Ye harmless flocks, ye hills, ye sound-
Where *Delia's* tender voice I still can hear,
Tho' absent, echoing thro' fancy's ear,
Forever! ah! I sigh farewell to you,

To peace, to happiness, a long adieu!
With *Delia* then I part! ah, view her cot!
She still must live with me, tho' but in
thought!"

Fair *Delia* lay behind a branching grove,
And heard with sympathizing sighs the
shepherd's love;

"Come, gentle shepherd of the fertile dale,
No more let grief your blooming years im-
pale,

He, who in pleasure's downy lap e'er lies,
Knows not the heavenly gift of bliss to prize.
Me from your arms, a parent's frown hath
torn,

But now no more a parent's frown I mourn.
As suns returning from the gloom of night,
Let purest love our long, long woes requite;
No more misfortune shall our pleasures rite,

The tear of grief is brightened with a smile;
Let constant friendship e'er reside in *these*,
And love's fond lips shall taste that warmth
in me!"

AMANDA.

Cambridge, October 15th, 1790.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ODE to GRIEF.

AH still let zephyr breathe its pensive
sigh; [shower;
Still weep with me thou gently falling
Rill, sweetly murmuring, flow thy waters
by, [flower!

T' imperial with softest tears the nascent
Long as thy streams shall glide beneath
my cell, [flow.

The floods of anguish o'er my cheek shall
Loud as the breeze the frequent plaint
shall swell,

"In all the sad sincerity of woe."
Nor shall I e'er forget the cause of all my
Nor will the storm be past, [grief,
Nor

Nor will my aching head have rest,
 And my torn, bleeding, bosom know relief,
 Till sad despair enwrap my gloomy breast
 And death, long wish'd for, come at last,
 The threadless life and agony untie,
 And in his leaden slumbers close the tearful
 eye. ALOUETTE.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

BEAUTIES of the MIND and the
 FORM compared.

STELLA and Flavia every hour
 Unnumber'd hearts surprize;
 In Stella's mind rests all her power,
 But Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd;
 ALL can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

O'er realms enrich'd, where plenty smiles,
 Is tender Stella's reign;
 While Flavia o'er unbounded wilds
 Extends her vast domain.

Cease, Flavia, then to boast your face,
 Your beauty's only store,
 Each day will make thy charms decrease,
 But add to Stella more.

MARCIA.

Boston, October 21st, 1790.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S,

On the Death of a young Lady who was visit-
 ing in a distant part of the Country.

O! lead me to some lone retreat,
 Far from the follies of the great;
 Far from all this world can give,
 There in silence let me live;
 Indulge the luxury of woe,
 Nor think of happiness below.
 May no intruder, gay, repair,
 To that mansion of despair;
 But solitary let it be,
 And unfrequented, save by me:
 While sighs responsive, from my cell,
 All my grief and care shall tell.
 Yet 'tis not tender, hopeless love,
 For some fam'd youth, that makes me rove;
 No—'tis a nobler passion still,
 'Tis friendship! such as angels feel:
 For O Eliza! thou wert fair,
 And wise, and good, as seraphs are:
 My heart no joy, or sorrow knew,
 That was not ever shar'd by you.
 But sever'd far by cruel fate,
 Thoughtless of life's uncertain date,
 We parted—Ah! to meet no more,
 This side the bright, eternal shore.
 O! could entreaties ever save,
 From the cold mansions of the grave;
 Could sighs, and tears prevail with death,
 Could these restore the fleeting breath;
 Eliza! thou wouldst then yet live,
 And I thy loss should not survive.

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4 G

But ah! thou'rt gone, no more I see
 Thy eyes, benignant, smile on me:
 No more, alas! with pleasure hear,
 Thy gentle accents on my ear.
 Clos'd are those eyes! forever clos'd!
 And hush'd that voice, that grief compos'd!
 All pale, and dead Eliza lies,
 Forever flow my streaming eyes;
 There's nought on earth can ease my woe,
 This world no pleasure can bestow.

FIDELIA.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
 MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I send you an EPITAPH, composed by the
 famous Mr. PRIOR on himself, which, as
 it was never inscribed on his tomb, is per-
 haps but little known to the publick. It
 contains such a happy turn of thought and
 expression, as must necessarily recommend it
 to every judge of good writing. G.

E P I T A P H.

AS doctors give physick by way of pre-
 vention, [stone took care;
 Matt, alive and in health, of his tomb.
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.
 Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor
 is paid; [your own eye;
 That the figure is fine, pray believe
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be
 said; [to lie.
 For we flatter ourselves and teach marble
 Yet counting so far as to fifty his years,
 His virtues and vices were as other men's
 are; [great fears;
 High hopes he conceived, and he smothered
 In a life partly coloured, half pleasure, half
 care. [slave,
 Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a
 He strove to make interest and freedom
 agree; [grave;
 In publick employments industrious and
 But alone with his friends, lord! how mer-
 ry was he! [foot,
 Now in equipage stately, now humbly on
 Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would
 trust, [about,
 And whirled in the round as the wheel turn'd
 He found riches had wings, and knew man
 was but dust. [sincere,
 This verse little polished, though mighty
 Sets neither his titles nor merits to view:
 It says that his relics collected lie here,
 And no mortal yet knows too if this may
 be true. [high way!
 Fierce robbers there are that infest the
 So Matt may be killed and his bones never
 found; [at sea,
 False witness at Court, and fierce tempests
 So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or
 be drowned. [air,
 If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in
 To fate we must yield and the thing is the
 same; [tear,
 And if passing thou givest him a smile or a
 He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his
 fame.

SONNET.

SONNET.

Diffus la Rose.

YE woods, and ye mountains unknown,
Beneath whose dark shadow I stray;
To the breast of *Serena* alone,
These sighs bid sweet Echo convey.

Wherever she pensively leans,
By fountain, on bank, or in grove;
Her heart will explain what he means,
Who sighs both from sorrow and love.

More plaintive than *Philomel's* song,
O breathe the fond strain in her ear;
And say, tho' departed so long,
The friend of her bosom is near.

Then tell her, what days of delight,
Then tell her, what ages of pain,
I felt, whilst I lived in her sight,
I feel, till I see her again.

HONORIA.†

By Mr. JERNINGHAM.

YE hallow'd bells, whose voices thro' the
air,

The awful fummons of affliction bear:
Ye slowly waving banners of the dead,
Thato'er yon altar your dark horrors spread:
Ye curtain'd lamps, whose mitigated ray
Casts round the fane a pale, reluctant day:
Ye walls, ye shrines, by melancholy dress,
Well do ye suit the fashion of my breast!
Have I not lost what language can't unfold,
The form of valour cast in beauty's mould!
Th' intrepid youth the path of battle tried,
And foremost in the hour of peril died.
Nor was I present to bewail his fate,
With pity's lenient voice to soothe his state,
To watch his looks, to read, while death
flood by,

The last expression of his parting eye.

But other duties, other cares impend,
Cares that beyond the mournful grave extend.

Now, now I view conven'd the pious train,
Whose bosom sorrows at another's pain,
While recollection pleasingly severe
Wakes for the awful dead the silent tear,
And pictures (as to each her sway extends)
The sacred forms of lovers, parents, friends.
Now Charity a fiery seraph stands
Beside yon altar with uplifted hands.

Yet, can this high solemnity of grief
Yield to the youth I love the wish'd relief?
These rites of death—Ah! what can they
avail?

Honorius died beyond the hallow'd pale.
Plung'd in the gulph of fear—distressful
state! [fate:]

My anxious mind dares not enquire his
Yet why despond? could one slight error
roll

A flood of poison o'er the healthful soul?

Had not thy virtues full sufficing pow'r
To clear thee in the dread recording hour?
Did they before the judge abash'd remain?
Did they, weak advocates, all plead in vain?
By love, by piety, by reason taught,
My soul revolts at the blaspheming thought:
Sure in the breast to pure religion true,
Where virtue's templed, God is templed too.

Then while th' august procession moves
along, [song:]
'Midst swelling organs, and the pomp of
While the dread chaunt, still true to Nature's
laws,

Is deepen'd by the terror breathing pause;
While 'midst encircling clouds of incense
lost

The trembling priest upholds the sacred host;
Amid these scenes shall I forget my suit?
Amid these scenes shall I alone be mute?
Nor to the footsteps of the throne above
Breathe the warm requiem to the youth I
love?

Now silence reigns along the gloomy fane:
And wraps in dread repose the pausing strain;
When next it bursts my humble voice I'll
join, [shrine:]
Disclose my trembling wish at Mercy's
Unveil my anguish to the throne above,
And sigh the requiem to the youth I love.

—Does fancy mock me with a false de-
light, [sight:]
Or does some hallow'd vision cheer my
Methinks, emerging from the gloom below,
Th' immortal spirits leave the house of woe!
Inshrin'd in glory's beams they reach the sky,
While choral songs of triumph burst from
high!

See, at the voice of my accorded pray'r,
The radiant youth ascend the fields of air!
Behold!—He mounts unutterably bright,
Cloth'd in the sun robe of unfading light!
Applauding seraphs hail him on his way,
And lead him to the gates of everlasting day.

EXTRACTS from the ZENITH of
GLORY; A MANUSCRIPT ODE.*Battle of Breed's Hill, June 17th, 1775.*

—A NEW the *British* form'd,
To'ards *Breed's* slight works battalions
storm'd;

Smoke wrapt the hill in gloom:
Loud trumpets ton'd th' *Orthyon* song;
Life's crimson'd banners stream'd along;
Death paw'd the op'ning tomb.

From *Boston's* heights, to *Charlestown's*
bounds,
Redoubts, forts, ships and floating mounds,
The vollied thunder pour'd:
Bombs, mortars, cannon, slaughter hurl'd;
Mad'ning revenge her flag unfurl'd,
And wav'd the blood stain'd sword.

High

* The Scene of this Poem is supposed to be in the great church of St. Ambrose, at Milan, the second of November, on which day the most solemn office is performed for the repose of the dead.

High thron'd on noon's refulgent car,
Howe led the van of rising war,
 Bright clad in robes of wrath.
 With solemn step, oft dressing, slow,
 Bold *Pigor* dar'd the lightning's glow,
 That blaz'd in danger's path.
 In front, the mortar whirl'd through air,
 And shot a blue sulphureous glare;
 Embowelled deep with fire:
 In rear, the carcass spread its tail,
 And winds assembled, fann'd the gale,
 That kindled *Charlestown's* pyre.
 Triumphant swept th' insatiate blaze,
 Like *Ilium's* tow'rs in ancient days,
 Through clouded ether driv'n;
 From mantling cones of spiral smoke,
 The ruddy flame coruscant broke,
 And flash'd, and stream'd to Heav'n.
 As *Apalachia's* star girt mound,
 (Where storms unheeded rage around,
 And floods unnoticed roll)
 Proud of its strength, rock rooted deep,
 Smiles at the billows, whilst they sweep
 Their tempests to the pole:
 Thus did the hardy *Spartan* few,
 Their country, freedom, fame in view,
 The swelling torrent eye:
 Not all the powers of earth combin'd,
 Can awe the great, the godlike mind,
 It dares---to never die.
Britannia charged, gave back, retired,
 Prest on, retreated, storm'd, expir'd,
 Again new troops oppos'd,
 Ranks fell on ranks, th' empurpled wave,
 Bore headlong from the trench, the brave,
 And death fierce contests clos'd.
 Calm on the mount, firm *Warren* stood,
 Like some strong oak amid the wood,
 Which scorns the bolt of Jove:
 Dauntless, serene, inspiring all,
 Contemning life, and proud to fall,
 His arm their legions drove:
 Whelm'd low on earth, they breath'd a-
 white,
 Then fresh renew'd th' *Herculean* toil,
 With more than *Typhæan* pow'r:
 Shrieks, shouts, groans, cries, discordant
 rung:
 Fate's varying scale unballanced hung;
 And darkness rul'd the hour.
Albion's full pulse indignant beat,
 With burning shame's enfever'd heat,
 That thrill'd through bursting veins:
 When Seraphs, hov'ring o'er the field,
 Bore *Warren's* soul on glory's shield,
 From battle's life bath'd plains:
Columbia saw the radiant car,
 Swift rising, gain time's morning star,
 The eldest gate of light:
 Silent she gaz'd with wond'ring eye,
 His hand he wav'd along the sky,
 And bade her quit the height.
 Prompt at the sign, retreat began,
 The spirit of the heav'n rapt man
 Around his army shone;
 As some kind angel whose lov'd power,

First dawning 'mid the natal hour,
 Is in the mortal known.
 Hail! *Warren* hail! creation's friend!
 To guard yon mount, shall patriots bend,
 And warriors watch the tomb:
 Whilst *Hiram Abbiss's* sacred band,
 With annual tears bedew the land,
 And bid the *Cassia* bloom.
 Thrice hallowed spot! where freemen bled!
 And votive martyrs bow'd the head!
 A brother's charge is given;
 In ages yet conceal'd from time,
 Proclaim their worth in strains sublime,
 With pathos caught from heav'n.
 And thou *Pitcairne*! thy monarch's pride!
 In dangers known, of valour tried!
 The muse alive to worth,
 Inscribes to thee a candid verse,
 Entwines the laurel round thy hearse,
 And consecrates the earth.
 Yes!--though supporting tyrant force,
 Thy blind, misguided, erring course,
 Was check'd by early death;
 A generous foe, to merit just,
 Round thine, and *Abercrombie's* dust,
 Implants the cypress wreath.

On throwing by an old BLACK COAT.

OLD friend, farewell--with whom full
 many a day,
 In varied mirth and grief, hath roll'd away.
 No more thy form retains its sable dye,
 But, like gray beauty, palls upon the eye--
 That form which shone so late in passion's
 bloom, [loom!
 How fall'n!--ere while the glory of the
 Late, wrapt secure within thy woollen folds,
 I brav'd the summer rains and winter colds.
 Fearless of coughs, catarrhs, which *Eurus*
 brings,
 Or dark November, on his noisome wings,
 Whistling a tune, like *Cymon* in the song,
 Thro' filthy streets and lanes I've trudg'd
 along, [cries,
 Nor heeded aught the hackney coachmen's
 Tho' coach, your honour, sounded to the
 skies;
 And shall I then forget thy brighter hue,
 Sell thee a slave to yonder hoarse mouth'd
 Jew?
 Forbid it gratitude--forbid it shame--
 That were a deed would blacken *Clodio's*
 name. [with care,
 Thou poor old man, whose brow is streak'd
 Stretch'd on the clay cold earth, thy bosom
 bare,
 Had I but half that *Clodio's* shining store,
 Thy breast should heave with misery no
 more;
 Yet take the scanty pittance I bestow,
 This coat shall shield thee from the drifted
 snow.
 But ere we part--indulge the moral lay,
 Hear it, ye fools, who flutter life away,
 Vain are the rich man's toils, the proud
 man's brags, [to rags.
 Men turn to dust--and broadcloth turns
 A Shape

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A Shape alone let Others prize !

A SONG, set to MUSICK by Mr. HANS GRAM, of BOSTON.

Expressively.



II.

A damask cheek, an iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win,
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

III.

A soul where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines,
The tenderness of love.

IV.

With pow'r to heighten ev'ry joy,
The fiercest rage control,

Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And raptures thro' the soul.

V.

These are the pow'rs of beauty's charms,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her beauty seems,
And all her roses dead.

VI.

But how divinely shines the form,
Where all these charms appear,
Then go behold my Anna's face,
And read them perfect there.

The

The GAZETTE.

Domestick Occurrences.

SAVANNAH, (Georgia) Sept. 16.

LAST Thursday night, about ten o'clock, at the house of Michael Huntzinger, in this city, a quarrel having arisen between Thomas Delany, taylor, and Casper Pauls, butcher, blows ensued, when they both fell on the floor, and during the struggle, the latter, with a clasp knife, wounded the former in the breast and neck, which occasioned his death in about half an hour. Pauls left the house immediately on stabbing Delany, but was soon apprehended and committed to gaol. Next day an inquisition was held by David Montaign, Esq; coroner for this county, when the jury brought in their verdict, *wilful murder*.

HARRISBURGH, (Penns.) Sept. 21.

The following affecting accident happened a few days ago, near this place, in the family of Mr. Wormley. His son about ten years old, and another boy, went to a neighbour's for a harrow. In coming home, the horses ran away, and the foot of Mr. Wormley's son, catching in the chains, he was dragged to death. The first intelligence the unfortunate mother received of this melancholy scene, was the horses running to the door with her little son dragging at their heels deprived of life, and torn in a shocking manner.

NEW YORK, October 21.

A very fine day's work.

We are informed, that a gentleman in Orange county, has lately erected a mill with two run of stones, in the short space of one day; this mill is said to have been so completely finished, as on the same day to grind *one hundred bushels of wheat*.—This may appear somewhat astonishing to the reader, when we inform him that it was turned by a drain of water which he cut near a mile and a half long, and seven feet deep on a level, and that the timbers were the preceding day standing in the woods!

This phenomenon of industry, we are happy to mention, was performed without the aid of spirituous liquors.

It is said to be a fact, very little known in the Natural History of our county, that Frogs have been examined in the *dog days*, and their mouths have been found to be shut up so fast that it was impossible for them to croak or make any noise.

One Farmer on the Eastern shore of Maryland has sold from the produce of his own farm the last crop, twelve thousand bushels of Wheat; and had one thousand bushels left for the use of his own family.

We are informed that the Census of Philadelphia is completed, and that city is

found to contain *fifty three thousand Inhabitants*.

As an instance of depravity, and wickedness of the human heart, we mention the following:—A few days since a young woman of Morristown was committed to gaol for the murder of her bastard child, of which she was delivered alone, and then in a most brutal manner, barbarously killed it, as appeared to the inquest which sat on the body. Her pregnancy was suspected by the family in which she lived, and she had been frequently taxed with the same, but she utterly disclaimed it; however, the morning of her delivery, some circumstances gave rise to a suspicion of what she had been about, and being very urgently pressed to declare the truth, she acknowledged the crime, and informed them where the infant was concealed.—It was pierced above one of its eyes as if by a nail, and marks of violence, which she made use of in strangling it, appeared all around the throat. The grand inquest of the county has found a bill against her, and there is no doubt but the Mosaic dispensation, in this instance, will be verified.

A spring has lately been discovered on the lake, in the town of Bridport, State of Vermont; the water of which on being analyzed produced large quantities of bitter purging salts, commonly denominated Epson Salts.

MIDDLETOWN, Oct. 16.

One squash seed in the garden of Mr. *Scutbmayd*, produced 200 squashes. A pumpkin in the garden of Mr. Adkins, weighed 140lb. One cabbage stalk, in the garden of Capt. Star, jun. bore three heads of a good size.—The Printer has an apple, left by Mr. William Hall, which weighs *twenty ounces*.

DANBURY, October 7.

LONGEVITY.

William Hamilton was born in Scotland, in the year 1643; in early life he came to Cape Cod, and was the first person who killed a whale upon the coast, for which he was persecuted by the inhabitants, as one who dealt with evil spirits: He then moved to Rhode Island, where he married his wife, and had by her three sons and three daughters; his next remove was to Danbury, where he died in May, 1746 aged 103.—His son *Joseph* lived 86 years;—*David* 79; *Benjamin* is now 90 years old, and labours hard at the blacksmith's trade, which he has followed 70 years; his daughter *Elizabeth* lived 92; *Thankful* 102;—*Mary*, who was wife to Thomas Benedict, Esq. died with the *small*

small pox 1757, aged 52, leaving 11 children, who are all yet alive, and the youngest has two grand children.

There are now living in the town of Woodstock, in Connecticut, Mr. Thomas Fox, and Mary his wife, who are now in the 54th year of their age, the husband about three months older than his wife. They have lived together in the marriage state about 61 years: Their posterity consists of *one hundred and twenty* children, grand children, and great grand children. Mr. Fox from early life has followed the business of a clothier and weaver, until within a few years past, he has laid aside the fulling mill, but still follows weaving, dying and pressing of plaids, camblerts, &c. of the best kind, to the good acceptance of his customers, and without the use of spectacles, which he has never yet had occasion for, even to read the finest print. And to add what is still worthy of notice, Mr. Fox set a white pine bush in his garden, which stood and grew about forty four years; when set, the stock was about as big as his wrist, and when cut down, which was about two years ago, the stump measured across the centre by a rule, two feet seven inches and an half; from which tree were cut three saw mill logs that produced upwards of 480 feet of good merchantable boards, a part of which he has used to ceil his own house, the foundation of which was laid many years before said tree was set.

A correspondent has favoured us with the following account: There is a person now living at Taconey, seven miles from Philadelphia, by the name of *Robert Glau*, by trade a shoemaker, of the great age of 112 years, next Christmas, who now follows his trade. When he was 27 years of age, he went from Scotland, the place of his nativity, to see the coronation of King George I. It is said he retains his eye sight, so as to be able to read the smallest print.

Mr. Thomas P. White, of this town, has favoured us with the following account of the production of an ear of Indian Corn, which he gathered in his own field the present season, viz. The ear had in its circumference thirty two rows, which when shelled, were found to contain one thousand and fifteen full kernels.

WORCESTER, October 14.

The following melancholy accident happened at Hollis, New Hampshire, on Monday the 11th inst.---A company of matross, commanded by Lieut. *Ralph Emerson*, together with two companies of militia, belonging to that town, assembled for the purpose of military exercise; every thing appeared to be conducted with the greatest good order until they came to firing--the artillery having been once discharged, orders were immediately given to charge a second time, when, the cannon not being sufficiently sponged, while the cartridge was ramming down, went off, and the rammer turning partly round, struck the Lieutenant

on his breast, and instantly put a period to his existence.---A Mr. Baldwin, the person who was ramming down the cartridge, was very much hurt, having his right hand torn to pieces, and his face very badly burnt; but it is hoped he will recover.---As Mr. Emerson was killed under arms, it was thought proper that his remains should be interred with military honours; accordingly, the Wednesday following, the several companies assembled to perform the rites of sepulture, which were conducted with great decency and solemnity.

The same day, a Mr. Gay of Abington, Connecticut, having returned from a training, in the evening thought proper to discharge his pistols, which were too deeply loaded; one of them burst, a piece of which entered and went partly through his neck, and he expired in about fifteen minutes.

BOSTON, OCTOBER.

SMALL POX.

A perfect Cure for the small Pox, is discovered by a Physician in Lisbon.---This Medicine is extremely simple, being no other than Fifty Eight grains of Musk---He has since his first discovery practised this Remedy upon a great number of his patients, and finds it to be the most efficacious medicine in that disorder. This is a proof that there is no disease incident to the human frame, but what Nature has provided an ample remedy for, could we but discover it; unless we except some of those diseases which are brought on by intemperate and debauched habits.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE

Took place at the Court of Common Pleas, lately held at Portland: One *Jordan* took a seat on the Jury of trials in the room of *Stephen Pinkham*, who was returned a jurymen from the town of Freeport.---Whenever *Pinkham* was called, *Jordan* answered, and thus sat on every cause that was tried during the term. Nor was this imposition discovered, until after the Jury were dismissed, and the false Jurymen applied to the Treasurer for travelling fees.

Last Sunday se'nnight, the wife of one John Fetheringham, of Falmouth, county of Cumberland, was found dead in his field. The Jury of inquest brought in a verdict, *wilful murder*. Marks of violence were observed upon her; such as having an arm broke, some of her hair pulled out, one of her eye brows, and one of her ears bitten. It is generally believed, that she was murdered by her husband, who has been apprehended, and is now in goal.

We learn, that on Thursday last, the 28th inst. the above named John Fetheringham, put a period to his life, by stabbing himself with a penknife.

DISCOVERY.

An ancient map of the world has been discovered in the British Museum, which lays down the coasts of New Holland as described

ed by Cook and Bougainville. This map, which is on parchment, appears from the character, and other circumstances, to have been made about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The names are in French, and it is adorned with Fleurs de Lis, but most probably has been translated from the work of some Spanish navigator, whose discovery being forgotten, left room for the new discoveries of English and French navigators.

A Society of Printers, in Paris, lately assembled in the Hall of the Cordeliers, to celebrate a funeral *scène* to the memory of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—On a column in the middle of the Hall, was placed the bust of that great man, bearing a civic crown. Underneath appeared a printing press, and other implements of the art he so much honoured and cultivated. While an apprentice was pronouncing the eulogy of Franklin, the compositors and others were occupied in printing and distributing copies of it, to a numerous body of citizens, who honoured this interesting ceremony with their presence.

The Abbe Fauchet has pronounced, in the presence of the Deputies of the National Assembly, and all those of all the confederated departments within the Kingdom, a *civick EULOGIUM* on Dr. FRANKLIN; which the Representatives of the Commons of Paris, we learn, have resolved shall be printed, and transmitted to the Congress of the United States.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh.

"The late Dr. Adam Smith was a gentleman highly respected in the Republic of Letters. The theory of Moral Sentiments, and his inquiry into the nature and cause of the Wealth of Nations, will transmit his name with honour to the latest posterity. This work has been quoted with particular applause, both in the House of Commons of Great Britain and the National Assembly of France, and administration are said to have borrowed from it the idea of the commercial treaty with France. In private life Dr. Smith was distinguished for philanthropy, benevolence, humanity and charity."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, to his friend in Virginia.

"We have a curious circumstance here of a soldier's lass, who dressed herself in men's clothes, and waited on a gentleman as a servant, one year; but her master having occasion to go near where her relations lived, she was afraid of being discovered, left him, and enlisted in the army, where she served eight years, without being discovered, until she was wounded, when she was discharged the service, and has a pension of 15*l.* a year, during her life, for the services she has rendered her country. She still wears men's clothes.

"I will now tell you of two young women who had been disappointed in marriage, and being intimate, they revealed their minds to each other, and resolved to live as man and

wife, in some place where they were not known. They drew lots to decide who should be the man, the one it fell on assumed the name of *James Han*. They then set out on their journey, and at last came to Epping, leased a house there, and kept an inn. *James Han* was sixteen, and his pretended wife seventeen years old. They had a servant, but each performed the duties belonging to their station. They traded honestly, gained a good deal of money, were well respected, and lived together 34 years, until at last, the wife died, about which time the discovery was made. *James Han* served in all the offices of the place, except constable, and had been often Foreman of Juries, and was to have been Church Warden, if the discovery had not been made."

The National Assembly of France have passed a decree, to have a monument erected, with the stones of the *Battle*, to the memory of Dr. FRANKLIN.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, Capt. Elias Parker to Miss Mary Brown; Mr. Thomas Whitman to Mrs. Jenny Norcross; Rev. William Shaw, of Marshfield, to Miss Nancy Checkley; Mr. John M'Kinsley to Miss Betsey Brown; Mr. John Crahan to Miss Nabby Brown; Mr. Josiah Flagg, jun. to Miss Hannah Collins; Mr. Jacob Khun to Miss Hannah Frost; Mr. John Clarke to Miss Sally Davis; Mr. Samuel Clap to Miss Dezhiah Lamb; Mr. Robert Wyer, jun. to Miss Lucretia Tuckerman; Mr. Robert Robertson, jun. to Miss Polly Pringle; Mr. Samuel Robertson to Miss Betsey Robertson; Mr. John Roulstone to Miss Dolly Smith; William Wedgery, Esq. of New Gloucester, to Mrs. Elizabeth Dafforne; Mr. Abner Thayer to Miss Perles Turner; Mr. John Delaway to Miss Hannah Domack.—At Springfield, Mr. Andrew Cotton, to Miss Lydia White.—At Salem, Isaac Osgood, Esq. to Miss Sally Pickman; Mr. Nathan Read, A. M. to Miss Betsey Jeffry. At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Brewer, merchant, to Miss Hannah H. Cazneau.

RHODEISLAND. At Newport, Mr. Stephen Farrond, of Newjersey, to Miss Mary Clark; Parker Hall, Esq. to Mrs. Croffing; Mr. John Jones, of Providence, to Miss Rebecca Burroughs; Dr. George Hazard to Mrs. Sarah Gardner; William Stedman, Esq. of Lancaster, to Miss Almy Ellery.

NEWYORK. In the city, John Beckley, Esq. Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States, to Miss Maria Prince; Hon. Philip Livingston, Esq. to Miss Cornelia Van Horne.

ORDAINED. At Westmoreland, New-hampshire, Rev. Allen Pratt.—At Westminster, Vermont, Rev. Mr. Sage.—At Princetown, Newhampshire, Rev. Moses Bradford.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS. In Boston, Mrs. Mary Sloan, aged 56; Mr. Benjamin Burdick, aged 85; Mrs. Maryanne Jones, aged 76, sister to the late Peter Faneuil, Esq. Mr. Edward Davis, drowned; Mr. Thomas Campbell, aged 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Badger, aged 31; Mrs. Mary Tileston, widow, aged 72; Mrs. Rebecca Burroughs, aged 74; Mrs. Mary Voax, aged 46; Mrs. Mary Proctor, aged 41.—At Charleston, South Carolina, Mr. Thomas Ruggles, of Boston.—At Trinidad, Mrs. Farrington, wife of Col. Farrington, late of Boston.—At Effingham, Mr. James Sloan, of Boston.—At Lynn, Miss Content Collins, aged 22.—At Cambridge, Miss Mary Wyeth, aged 35.—At Salem, Mr. David Foster; Mr. Benjamin Lander; Mr. Richard Downing; Mrs. Odell, aged 99.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Lucia Harris, widow, aged 41; Mr. Amos Evans, aged 35.—At Stoughton, Mrs. Hannah Gridley, aged 80.—In the Genesee country, Capt. John Morgan, formerly of Springfield.—At Norton, Deacon Benjamin Copeland, aged 84.

NEWHAMPSHIRE. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Jane Goddard, aged 27.

RHODEISLAND. At Newport, Mr. Isaac Rod. Rivera.

CONNECTICUT. At Norwich, the Lady of the Hon. Benjamin Huntington, Esq. member of Congress.—At Lanfingburgh,

Rev. Brandt Schuyler, of the Reformed Dutch Church.—At Brookhaven, Rev. James Lyon, aged 90.—At Stonington, Dudley Woodbridge, Esq. aged 86.

NEWYORK. In the city, Mrs. Maria Williamson, wife of the Hon. Hugh Williamson, Representative in Congress, from North Carolina.

PENNSYLVANIA. At Philadelphia, Mr. John Boyd, Printer, aged 57; Dr. Gerardus Clarkson, aged 53.

NORTH CAROLINA. At Newbern, Rev. Dr. Patrick Cleary, a Roman Catholic Priest.

SOUTH CAROLINA. At Charleston, John Deas, Esq. Most Worshipful Grandmaster of the ancient and honourable masons of South Carolina; M. Romain, a French gentleman, on a tour of the United States.

GEORGIA. Lieut. William Moore, of the Federal Army.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

In England, the Right Hon. Francis North, Earl of Guilford, aged 87, father of the famous Lord North, by whom he is succeeded in his titles and estates.—At Edinburgh, Adam Smith, Esq. L. L. D. and F. R. S. author of the celebrated work on the Wealth of Nations.—At Genoa, the celebrated aerostat, Lunardi.—At Rome, the famous Cagliostro.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, for OCTOBER, 1790.

D.	Barometer.			Thermometer.			Wind.	Weather.
	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	9 P.M.		
1	29 88	29 90	29 94	46	62 5	53	NW.	Fog. Cloud. Fair.
2	99	30 00	99	50	63 5	84	NW.	Fair, Cloud. Fair.
C	86	29 76	61	48	60	60	W. S.	Cloudy.
4	36	30	39	63 5	73	39	S. SW.	Cloudy, Fair.
5	50	47	42	46	58	48	N. N. E.	Fair.
6	37	40	55	56	74	50	SW. NW.	Fair, Cloud. Ra. n.
7	68	76	91	40 5	53	42	NW. W.	Fair.
8	92	89	80	40 5	59	55	W. S.	Fa. Ha. Cl. Fr. R. n.
9	56	61	71	52 5	53 5	45	NW. N.	Rain.
C	78	80	80	38	45	39	NE. N.	Rain, Cloudy.
11	95	97	30 11	35	53	43	W. NW.	Fair.
12	30 25	30 25	22	32	56 5	45	NW. E.	Fair, Cloudy.
13	13	07	29 98	46	63	54	S.	Hazy, Cloudy.
14	29 62	29 49	54	54	55 5	51	NE.	Stormy.
15	49	44	34	50	60 5	51	N. W. SW.	Misty, Fair.
16	33	39	55	44	57	50	SW. NW.	Fair.
C	63	69	60	47	60	53	W.	Fair.
18	76	80	90	41	55	43	SW.	Fair.
19	97	96	97	39	53	39 5	NW. W.	Fair.
20	67	68	94	35	55	43	N. E. NE.	Hazy.
21	86	81	77	40	51	44	N.	Cloudy, Fair.
22	72	71	71	34	54	42 5	W. NW. SE.	Fair, Hazy.
23	78	81	77	35	55 5	44 5	W. SE. S.	Fair.
C	71	67	71	39 5	65	49	SW.	Fair.
25	78	78	68	38	52	50	NW. NE.	Haz. Clou. Ra. ev.
26	33	20	40	50	58	32	N. S. W.	Clou. Fai. Rai. mo.
27	63	64	67	26	37 5	34	W.	Fair, Cloudy, Ice.
28	63	55	49	39	57	53	SW. S.	Hazy, Cloudy.
29	61	64	73	53	65	54 5	S. SW.	Cloud. Haz. Cloud.
30	80	82	77	49 5	66	52 5	SW.	Cloud. Haz. Cloud.
C	83	91	30 02	45 5	60 5	45	NW.	Fog. Ha. Fa. A. B.